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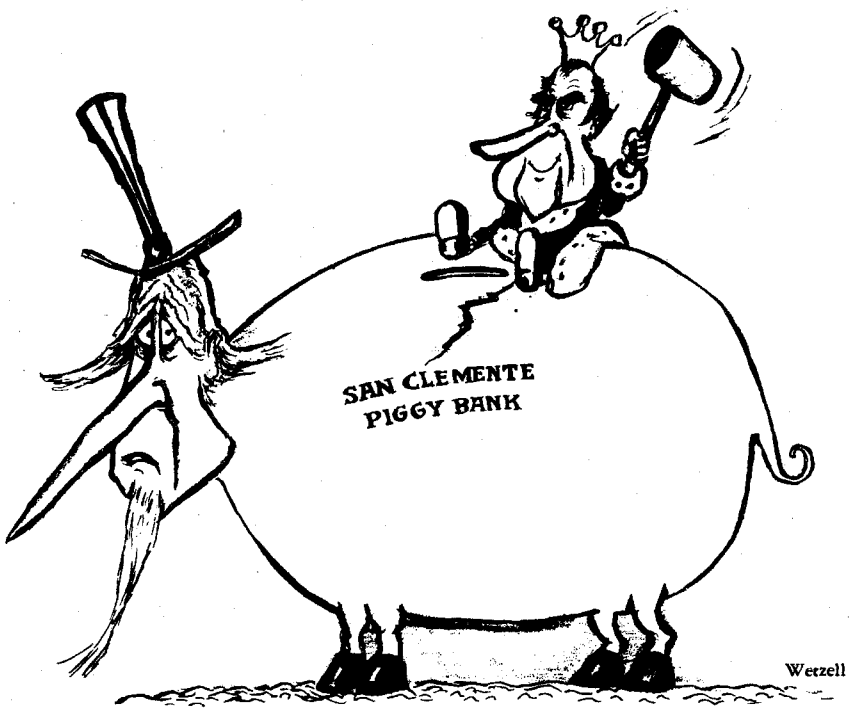

John Blackburn
AN 'ENEMY' IN ORANGE COUNTY

Getting the Goods on San Clemente

The 1960s: Years of Frenzy

THE MADISON BOMBING
Watershed
Between the Decades
Daniel Schwartz

STRUGGLE IN DISARRAY
Venceremos
And the Jail Break
Stephen R. Weissman

Norman O. Brown's 'Closing Time'

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LETTERS

Allende's blunder

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: Marx and Engels tried hard to teach that the workers should wait until they are a majority, when power should naturally come to them wherever democracy is allowed. This would probably have happened in Chile, as it happened in Britain. Ramsay Macdonald, in power with a minority vote like Allende, did little, but he was continuing the educational process that was readying the British for socialism. Thus when Attlee got a solid majority, forward steps could be taken. Allende rushed a process which, as Marx and Engels repeatedly said, must not be rushed. That indeed is the basic difference between Marxism and utopian socialism, which proceeds helter-skelter without waiting for a convinced majority in a thoroughly urbanized country.

Tertius Chandler

world government

Woodstock, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Thank you for that excellent article, "The United Nations: Elderly Orphan" by Shirley Hazzard (*The Nation*, Oct. 22). It is one of the finest I have read in a long time.

U Thant said, "The U.N.'s approach to peace is often old-fashioned and more attuned to former times than to our present state." Louis Quintanilla of Mexico, former president of the Council of Organization of American States, said at the Pacem in Terris Convocation in New York City, February 1965, that "those who in absolute good faith seem alarmed at the very mention of 'world government' must understand that 'government' means 'organization'; and that without social organization, which requires some sort of political structure, no civilized society whether national or international can hope to develop."

M.E. Dorr

nine words

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Ex-General Douglas Haig, now President Nixon's chief of staff, told William Ruckelshaus, a civilian, when demanding that he fire Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, "the Commander in Chief is giving you an order." That short, nine-word sentence revealed the true extent to which the Nixon conspiracy believed it had succeeded in destroying constitutional democracy and government of, by and for the people!

Benjamin Redmond

meeting C.P. Ellis

Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR SIRS: Readers of *The Nation* might like to read a letter I received from Frank Wilkinson, executive director of the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation (NCARL). I had called his attention to "Portrait of a Klansman: The Prophetic Voice of C.P. Ellis" by Edward McConville in *The Nation* of Oct. 15. He wrote me:

> When I spoke before Durham, N.C. chapter of ACLU a year ago, I really was hitting hard, including the fact that NCARL used up all of its own resources in 1965 trying to head off a HUAC investigation of the KKK.
>
> Following the meeting, a character came forward to shake my hand (crush it would better describe it—I've never seen or felt such a massive mitt), saying: "That was the best talk we've ever had here; I'm the leader of the Ku Klux Klan here and want to congratulate you!"

David Randall Luce

EDITORIALS

Almost Three Cheers

It is usually difficult to read cosmic significance into off-year elections, which turn primarily on local issues. But this year the tea leaves yield some important general conclusions. The pundits would have us believe that Watergate was not a factor in Brendan Byrne's sweeping 2-to-1 victory in New Jersey. It is true that scandals in Governor Cahill's administration and a bruising primary fight between Cahill and Rep. Charles Sandman severely damaged Republican prospects, but not enough to account for the Democratic sweep; that party also won both houses of the state legislature for only the third time in this century. Counties and townships in which the word "Democrat" has been an obscenity for nearly a century went overwhelmingly Democratic (for example, Monmouth and Orange Counties and Neptune Township). There was no "coattail" effect in these local victories; Governor-elect Byrne, for all his merits, is not a charismatic candidate. In New Jersey, particularly, it is difficult to shake the impression that Watergate had a lot to do with the results.

In New York the Democrats strengthened their statewide position by making a sweep of local offices. But Watergate was not a factor in these ho-hum elections, which provoked little interest and no excitement. The longer the listless mayoralty campaign dragged on in New York City, the brighter became Mayor John Lindsay's image. In that context, the returns were good news, for Lindsay should now have little difficulty in replacing Sen. James Buckley when the latter seeks re-election. Returns in New York, Detroit, Minneapolis, Louisville and Philadelphia suggest that "the cop era" in urban politics is about over. In Minneapolis, Mayor Charles S. Stenvig, an ex-cop, was soundly defeated by a liberal Democrat and the Democrats won eleven of thirteen city council posts. In Detroit, Coleman A. Young, an excellent candidate, defeated former Police Commissioner John F. Nicols. The fact that Young is a black was no handicap, nor was his left-wing political background. In Louisville, a fine candidate, Dr. Harvey Sloane (see "Young Dr. Sloane" by W.E. Chilton III, *The Nation*, January 29), a rank amateur in politics, easily won election as Mayor and here Watergate was cited as a factor. Democrats also won five major offices in the city and Jefferson County.

In Philadelphia, Democrat F. Emmet Fitzpatrick, a virtual unknown, defeated the heavily favored Arlen Specter for the critically important office of District Attorney; that is bad news indeed for Mayor Frank Rizzo, who is Mr. Law-and-Order in Pennyslvania politics. Specter had been District Attorney for eight years and the polls indicated he would win by 60 per cent of the vote. He lost by 30,000 votes. And not only that: the entire Democratic slate of thirty-nine Court of Common Pleas judgeships was elected. That is not necessarily good news in a cosmic sense, since it means that the Democrats will control 2,000 patronage jobs for the next generation, judges being elected in Philadelphia for ten-year terms. With

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black mayors now in Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Raleigh, Dayton and Grand Rapids, it would seem that "law and order" with a racial angle is not the winning style in urban politics. It should be noted, also, that one of the shrewdest of big-city mayors, Peter R. Flaherty, won re-election in Pittsburgh. In California, Governor Reagan's phony tax plan was defeated; that will dim his prospects, never bright, in national GOP politics. Virginia might be cited as a Republican victory, but the fact is that old alignments were severely jarred in this odd election (see comments hereafter by Frank Davies). If one keeps in mind that three Republican Senators will not seek re-election in 1974—Saxbe, Bennett and Cotton—the Democrats have an excellent chance of picking up several Senate seats and could hold a 60-to-40 Senate majority in the next Congress. Moreover, liberal Republicans—Sen. Charles Mathias is one—have been helped by Watergate. On balance, then, the November 6 returns merit two or possibly even three loud cheers.

The Shake-Out in Virginia

Arlington, Va.

For Mills Godwin, the narrow victory margin would have been downright embarrassing in the heyday of the legendary Byrd machine twenty years ago. But to win the Virginia governorship in 1973—even if it was with a meager 51 per cent of the vote—was a personal triumph.

Godwin turned back a stiff challenge from independent Lieut. Gov. Henry Howell, a neo-Populist running with strong Democratic backing, and the Republican victory should advise all Democratic candidates, particularly those in the South, that the old racism—now expressed in fear of school bussing—still outweighs basic economic concerns among many voters.

Any GOP victory is a highlight in a year when the party is agonizing over the twin disasters of Nixon and Agnew, and Godwin barely escaped becoming a political casualty of Watergate. Many party regulars and precinct workers were paralyzed by the mess in Washington. Notable old-line Republicans bitterly recalled Godwin's previous term as a Democratic governor in 1965, and were less than enthusiastic in supporting him. As the ultimate embarrassment, Godwin had to retract his invitation to the President for a campaign visit.

Henry Howell, meanwhile, was running a vigorous campaign, flailing away at the state's regressive sales tax on food, picking up support from blacks, labor and Wallaceites, and berating Godwin for his close ties to—and large contributions from—banks, corporations and directors of the Virginia Electric Power Company and C&P Telephone.

Four years ago Howell was an unknown state legislator who, by arm-waving attacks on the "big boys" who controlled Virginia's political and business establishment, catapulted himself into a primary runoff for governor, which he narrowly lost. Howell later joked that his abrasive style and high-pitched drawl made "George Wallace look like Little Lord Fauntleroy."

But Howell had compiled a remarkable record to match his rhetoric. He had battled the poll tax and fought the

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Byrd machine's ill-fated "massive resistance" to school desegregation. A skillful and careful lawyer, he brought successful suits against the power and telephone utilities, blocking excessive rate hikes. In the late 1960s he sued Gov. Mills Godwin to release $11 million in impounded federal education aid. Howell won that case, too.

Godwin knew that he faced a resourceful opponent this year. In the 1971 special election for lieutenant governor, Howell ran as an independent, defeating two major party candidates. He chose to be an independent candidate again this year, counting on support from the liberalized but weak Democratic Party, and going after the thousands of Virginians who are not party loyalists with a mixture of Populist and economic appeals.

Godwin retaliated with the old stand-by, pitching his campaign to the racial fears of the voters. He had to pry the volatile Wallace vote away from the Howell coalition, and the results show that he succeeded—just barely. In populous northern Virginia, with its sophisticated but insecure suburbanites who work in Washington, the Godwin approach was different. Recognizing the threat of Watergate, the courtly ex-governor, an imposing public figure in the mold of Connally, stressed his personal integrity and spotless record, while picturing Howell as an irresponsible demagogue. In a year when voters were searching for stability, Godwin came through as a dependable father figure; Howell, an attractive but unpredictable candidate.

A television poll taken in northern Virginia the day after the election showed that 73 per cent of the voters with incomes exceeding $15,000 went for Godwin, and 74 per cent of those earning less than $6,000 went for Howell. The latter outnumber the former, but not enough of them voted. The black turnout, for example, was disappointingly low.

The lesson for other Democrats is obvious. Republican "fear" issues of race, crime and radicalism may seem passé, what with the ongoing GOP catastrophe in Washington. But in the towns and valleys of Virginia these issues are still potent.

FRANK DAVIES

Coalition for Impeachment

Los Angeles

In Nixon's home territory of Southern California, the explosive popular reaction to the events surrounding the abrupt dismissal of Cox has produced a wide collaboration for impeachment that recalls the labor-liberal-black alliance of New Deal memory. In mid-October, a startling response to its initial ad in the *Los Angeles Times* persuaded the local American Civil Liberties Union to launch a grass-roots movement involving a variety of groups. A quickly organized conference brought together some thirty organizations, including the California Democratic Clubs, Americans for Democratic Action, Clergy and Laymen Concerned, several black and general clergymen's groups, the National Welfare Rights Organization, the National Lawyers Guild, student and faculty groups at UCLA, and various local peace and community groups.

The local AFL-CIO is working closely with this coalition. The county body has informed all 750,000 members by letter that organized labor wants Nixon impeached, and has asked them to write their Congressmen.

Some 200 representatives of the organizations involved met on November 10 to begin the job of breaking down memberships by Congressional district, setting up an organization in each district and stimulating local rallies, delegations, petitions and letters directed to the Congressmen, as well as doorbell-ringing and leafletting. An area-wide demonstration is set for December 1 to dramatize the movement.

Of twenty-six House members from Southern California, eight are committed to impeachment. Three of the other eighteen are members of the Judiciary Committee, which must pass upon an impeachment resolution; they will be special targets for the campaign. The effect of this collaboration and organization at the Congressional district level could be felt in next year's elections.

MAX GORDON

In the Wake of Watergate

The Watergate scandals and Spiro Agnew's tax difficulties have stimulated what could be a significant reexamination of professional ethics. There is, of course, much agitation just now for public financing of political campaigns, and kindred reforms. But the problem can be approached in another way that does not require new legislation. If certain professions, specifically law, engineering, architecture and land surveying, were to crack down on members who make illegal campaign contributions or offer kickbacks on public contracts, or commit other illegal acts, the effect might be startling if not quite revolutionary. Since most professions are now regulated by some form of state licensing, the consequences for a professional found guilty of unethical behavior could be more serious than the threat of criminal action, which generally culminates in a fine and/or a light sentence, usually suspended.

Currently, such bodies as the National Society of Professional Engineers, the American Consulting Engineers Council and the American Institute of Architects are moving in the direction of establishing ethical standards which, if enforced, would reduce the likelihood of such kickbacks. The California bar is conducting inquiries into the professional conduct of some well-known Watergate big-names who are licensed to practice law in that state. And in Maryland the Court of Appeals has appointed a three-judge panel to hear a petition calling for disciplinary action against Agnew. Those professions most directly concerned with politics should insist that professional ethics not be limited to client and inter-profession relations but should include political activities.

But the professions are, after all, the servants of business, finance and industry. What can be done to impose minimal political ethics on well-paid corporate executives who, rather sheepishly, have been pleading guilty to making illegal campaign contributions of corporate funds, often for favors which were clearly implied? One needs a license to fix a TV set or cut hair, but any political corrupter can serve as a corporate executive, though the office commands enormous powers and rich treasuries. So-called business or corporate ethics seldom relate to the

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role of the corporate executive in politics, nor are there any professional bodies that could enforce a code of public ethics if one existed. But stockholders can and should. The folklore of politics has it that politicians "blackmail" contributions from upright corporate executives who would never, never, corrupt politicians on their own initiative. That quaint belief needs re-examination.

'Readiness Supplementals'

The $80—or is it $83—billion military budget is to be upped by $3 billion to $4 billion in the form of "readiness supplementals," made necessary, we are told, by the fighting in the Middle East. First of all, $2.2 billion will be needed to replenish the stores furnished Israel, an item that will be eagerly approved in the Congress. But the Administration has cleverly "piggybacked" onto this popular item a $200 million supplemental for emergency military aid to Cambodia. The Pentagon also sees a chance to use the Middle East emergency to secure still further supplementals: for more C-5A transports, Lockheed C-141 military jets and other goodies. Attack planes must now be equipped with special electronic gear to counter the Soviet SAM-6 surface-to-air missiles which proved so effective against Israeli planes.

And the Navy wants more. It feels itself grossly outshipped in the Indian Ocean and in the Mediterranean. It is worried, too, because it was told on October 20 that it has only a year to remove its facilities from the sheikhdom of Bahrain in the Persian Gulf. Forget that oil is in short supply and that inflation is still acute. The Navy must have more ships immediately, despite the fact that there are now 300 warships in the Mediterranean; it has become so crowded that the 2,000 merchant ships that any day are en route between Gibraltar and the Bosporus have to zig and zag to stay clear of Soviet and American warships. Some of the neighboring states have in fact begun to feel that it might be a good idea to neutralize the Mediterranean. In any case, the Middle East fighting came just in time to give the military spenders what they needed: an argument for "readiness supplementals" that will more than offset any cuts in the military budget. An American general in London remarked recently to a *Nation* contributor that the Middle East fighting had been "worth five divisions to the Pentagon."

The Energy Message

The President's energy message not only failed to get Watergate out of the headlines: it had some unintended consequences. The stock market suffered its third worst day in history; by the end of the week the market had dropped twenty-six points and General Motors set a new low for the year. As with the Arab-Israeli war of last month, the public was left wondering whether it was faced with a crisis or a dust storm.

It had reason to be puzzled. If the country faces a power famine, why did the President wait until November to break the frightening news? Surely the oil companies and the power industry plan their activities months, if not years ahead, and as Nixon himself told us in his televised boast of how he averted a third world war, we depend on Arab oil for only 10 per cent of our needs. In fact, and admittedly for their own purposes, the oil companies have been warning of famine for at least ten years. Was Nixon holding this "crisis" up his sleeve, as one more device to divert the country's attention from his own affairs?

But suppose the crisis is a real and sudden danger, as he says? The country would doubtless face it, grumbling but making the best of a bad business, if it were told what it really had to do. But reducing house temperatures to 68 degrees and driving at 50 miles an hour are scarcely emergency measures. It looks very much as though the President wants to give the people something to worry about without cutting materially into the revenues of the oil, auto and electric power industries. Presented with a crisis whose dimensions were unspecified and for which the countermeasures were obviously cosmetic, the public was indeed frightened, and Dow Jones recorded their anxiety.

It's come to the point that if Nixon announced his middle name was Milhous, you'd have to take a Harris Poll to discover if the statement was credible. As the winter wears on, we shall discover whether we really lack the fuel to warm our houses, run our factories and keep our cars on the road, but as of now Nixon's cry of famine has merely confirmed the public in its mood of surly confusion. Meanwhile, pollution standards are to be relaxed and the Alaska pipeline will be built. So they must be whistling *Hail to the Chief* in a few executive suites. It's an ill crisis that feathers no nests.

The Quebec Vote

Toronto

In the aftermath of the Liberal victory on October 29, in which Premier Robert Bourassa's troops got 54 per cent of the popular vote and won a lopsided total of 102 of the 110 seats in Quebec's National Assembly, many observers in the rest of Canada have dared to hope that separatism is finally a spent force. Bourassa had run a highly personal campaign in which he made the risks of independence the only issue. It would spell economic ruin for the province, he insisted. A lot of voters who under different circumstances might well have been attracted to the social-democratic program offered by the *independentiste* Parti Québécois, or alternatively to the appeals of Quebec's two rural-based parties of the Right, responded to his warning. The Parti Québécois (or Péquistes) polled 30 per cent of the vote, but elected only six deputies. And its leader, René Lévesque, was himself a victim of the Liberal sweep. "This was a referendum, pure and unmistakable, on federalism," was the way a prominent French-Canadian member of the federal cabinet in Ottawa put it the night of the election, "and the answer was clear and unmistakable."

But was it? The Péquiste share of the popular vote was up from the 23 per cent it got in the 1970 election —hardly the showing of a movement running out of steam. Even more significant in the eyes of many provincial observers is the fact that Lévesque's forces were

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endorsed by an estimated 38 to 40 per cent of those four out of five Québécois who comprise the Francophone majority. The Liberals' share of that vote, about 46 per cent, was not so much larger. (The party could, of course, count on the overwhelming support of the Anglophone minority.) To some, this sort of electoral arithmetic is invidious, but it is widely held in Quebec (even among those who oppose independence) that federalism will cease to be tenable if the Liberals have to count on the Anglophone vote to stay in power.

For the present, there is the troubling fact that all those Liberal seats in the National Assembly grossly distort public sentiment as expressed in the popular vote. Under such circumstances, opposition will be difficult. And the worst of it is that Bourassa's $10 billion project to tap the hydroelectric potential of five rivers flowing out of northern Quebec into James Bay may now sail ahead unimpeded. Resistance to this nightmarish scheme had been building up before the election. (One prediction going the rounds is that the vast artificial lake at the heart of the complex will cool prevailing winds and lower Montreal temperatures by an average of 5 or 6 degrees.) Now, with all those deputies behind him, the Premier may feel he doesn't have to listen. S.A. LONGSTAFF

WITH THE TROOPS IN SUEZ

HERBERT KROSNEY

Jerusalem

One becomes accustomed to the fact that distances here are small, and going south offers a sense of freedom in the otherwise claustrophobic confines of Israel proper. South means not only the Negev Desert; it means also the comparatively vast expanse of the Sinai Desert, certainly one of the most barren and isolated stretches of land in the world today. The northern route, following the ancient "Via Maris" used by the Egyptians and Phoenicians as the principal road from Egypt to Damascus, is relatively dull, marked primarily by empty sand dunes which glimmer hues of orange and reddish brown only in the light of a setting sun. Occasionally one glimpses the glittering blue Mediterranean, and around El Arish the area is suddenly lush with palm groves.

In the south, Sinai is dramatically beautiful, the black mountains emerging from the desert, some patches of vegetation, a feeling of mystery at that point where, according to the Book, God and man conversed and drew up a code of laws.

Much of Sinai today is a junkyard, the area along the Suez Canal littered with the refuse of the Egyptian and Israeli Armies. Farther inland there are still the rusted remains of Egyptian Army vehicles from the 1967 war.

Across the canal, one's first impression is almost idyllic. Rows of cypress border the blue strip of water where Israeli and Egyptian soldiers faced each other for more than six years. A sweet-water stream flows beside the road; the Egyptian bunkers are intact. Deeper into Egypt, one comes on the remnants of the Egyptian Army of 1973, caught by the swift Israeli thrust across the canal, then north to Ismailia and south to Suez. The Egyptian Army camps are in shambles. Little remains of the SAM 2 and 3 missile sites, and the Israelis have already begun the job of salvaging Egyptian equipment, undoubtedly with the intent to equip another Israeli force with Russian-made weaponry. The corpses of Egyptian soldiers are littered about, although here, too, the clean-up job has begun, and many of the bodies have already been removed for burial or return to the Egyptian forces.

A great fury has expended itself in death and destruction on the sands of Suez and Sinai; the land has become desolate, and one waits expectantly to see if the desert can be cleansed of its blood and iron, if flowers can one day be made to grow. Can a building process truly begin?

But first let me set down some impressions of a journey through a sizable chunk of Egypt, from Ismailia to Suez and inland. We headed south on the Ismailia-Suez road, passing on our left the Great Bitter Lake with the ships from the 1967 war still at anchor in the middle. After about an hour's drive, just 15 kilometers north of Suez City, we turned toward the canal, traveling on a dusty road past a missile site. All around us were Israeli soldiers, Israeli tanks, Israeli armored carriers, going somewhere, returning from somewhere, soldiers busily at work reinforcing their positions. At the canal itself we came to a position which had formerly belonged to the United Nations, and which was now the crossing point for the supplies being sent from Cairo to the Third Army beleaguered in the Sinai.

Directly across the canal, not more than 75 yards away, on top of the sand dunes, one could see the Egyptian soldiers. An Egyptian amphibious barge was loading supplies under the supervision of an Israeli soldier and a blue-capped United Nations officer. The officer told us to move away from the water line itself. "It's dangerous; please move," he said impatiently. An Israeli officer reprimanded him, pointing out that the Israeli Army was responsible for security, and saying that I would move when he told me to.

I ran into a friend, Micha, a cameraman for Israel Television. We began to talk about the United Nations personnel, mainly boys from Finland, Norway and Austria who had just arrived from Cyprus. "They're simple people," he said. "They know nothing—about us or about them [the Egyptians]." These young soldiers from the Scandinavian countries and Austria were also nervous. They kept looking for signs of renewed shelling.

"This is my third war," Micha said. "It's no fun. I hope it will be the last; but I don't think so."

Herbert Krosney is The Nation's *correspondent in Israel.*

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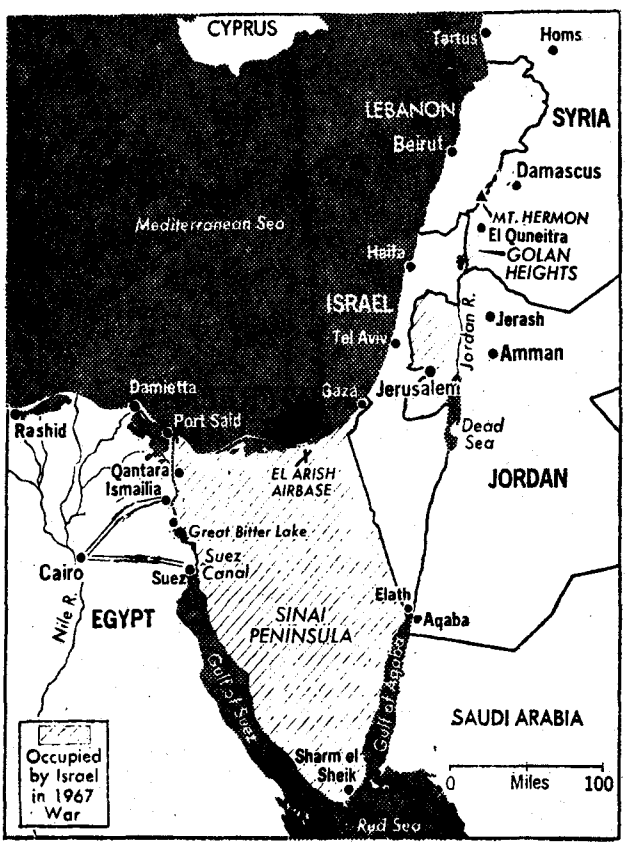
An Israeli officer, a friend of Micha, came up to us. "Look at that," he said, pointing to the Egyptian barge. "It's a shame. We have them here," he said, squeezing his right fist. "They can't do anything. They don't have any missile cover. They have nothing. They're totally cut off. Another two days and it would have been over."

"It's a political war," Micha answered. "The Russians and the Americans. Maybe the politicians can do something."

The greater part of the city of Suez is held by the Israelis; they control the port area, some of the residential area, and the coastline extending about 20 kilometers south along the gulf. From a distance the new housing developments in Suez look like the Israeli projects in a desert city like Dimona or Arad. Close up, they are pockmarked with shells. We drove up the divided highway, stopping for a moment when we reached the deserted housing to check if a group of soldiers about 100 yards ahead were Israeli or Egyptian. Confirming that they were Israeli, we passed them and arrived at a U.N. check post another 100 yards down the road.



The New York Times

On our side of the checkpoint, a number of Israeli soldiers milled about. The force included several tanks and armored vehicles. On the other side, about 25 yards away, were perhaps 1,000 Egyptian soldiers, many of them leaning from balconies, probably getting their first close look at the "Zionist enemy." Many were armed with machine guns or rifles. They pointed toward us and the Israelis looked back in curiosity.

I began to talk with a tankist, an accountant from Ramat Gan. "They're just poor slobs," he said. "Look at them."

"What does it feel like to be sitting here in the city of Suez," I asked him.

"It's a bad feeling. People killing each other and dying —and for what? I'd like the political leaders—their political leaders—to go through just one hour of war. Then there wouldn't be any war."

Another tankist chimed in: "But Sadat was a general; he knew what he was doing. It's just those guys over there—and us, too; we have to suffer."

"He couldn't have gone through a war," said the first tankist. "Otherwise he wouldn't have started this one."

A third trooper spoke: "Maybe now they'll sit down and talk with us. But I doubt it."

There is much that strikes an observer about the front-line Israeli soldier. In the first place he is intelligent. The Israeli Army is truly a civilian force, and a tank man or artillery gunner is also a schoolteacher, an accountant or lawyer. The average soldier doesn't just do his job; he can also think about the political implications of what he's doing. In the second place, he is willing to do that job, even at the sacrifice of life, including his own. The depth of the spirit of devotion to country surprises even someone like myself who has lived and worked with Israelis intimately for some five years.

And in the third place, he detests war. There is very little of *machismo* about the Israeli soldier. Perhaps his hatred of war is what pushes him to wage it so well.

Israelis hold a significant amount of Egyptian territory. We drove out along the Suez-Cairo highway, a good road, passing additional large numbers of Israeli forces on the way. After we had turned back, we came to a shelled-out barn in which about 150 Egyptian soldiers were being held. The prisoners sat in lines of about twenty-five men in the middle of the building. Barbed wire filled in the glassless windows. Some Egyptian medics in white uniforms cooked food for the prisoners over an open fire in one corner. In another corner were about seven Egyptian officers. There was a marked contrast between the soldiers and the officers. The men, smaller and dirtier, were obviously mainly fellahin from Egyptian villages, bewildered by their role in catastrophe, when victory had been promised only a week earlier. The officers, on the other hand, were surprisingly delicate in appearance; they had the air of noblemen in distress. One wore "mod" silver-tinted glasses; his hair was combed correctly; his uniform was still clean and his lieutenant's bars were polished. I thought I sensed relief among the Egyptian officers that their own war had ended, that they were being treated respectfully, and that they could look forward to early repatriation.

An Egyptian doctor, helped by an Israeli doctor, tended some Egyptian wounded in the front of the room. I later talked to the Israeli doctor who commented: "I don't think their standard of medicine is up to ours. I try to give them some pointers to help them out."

A fair number of Israeli soldiers peered in from the windows, curious to examine the faces of the enemy. As of this writing and at the time I was in Egypt, the Egyptians had not yet turned their lists of Israeli prisoners

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over to the Red Cross. An Israeli soldier was bitter: "We agreed to the cease-fire, and we can't even find out who's dead and alive from among us."

The Israelis are not happy about the cease-fire. They believe the war could have been won decisively if they had been given a very little more time. Kissinger, they say, gave them two days; they needed four. Yet many are also willing to take a gamble for peace. Because of the Americans, the Israelis stopped before victory was achieved. There is a great sense of thankfulness toward America and the Americans, and because the Americans arranged and requested a cease-fire the Israelis complied. As one Israeli friend and officer put it: "The United States wanted to show the Egyptians that they could do more for Egypt than the Russians. They've saved Egypt's Third Army, at least for the time being. We'll see what it leads to."

The attitude, for the moment, is one of skepticism and waiting. No one believes that peace with the Baathist regime in Syria is possible, and a settlement with the Jordanians and Palestinians must clearly await some resolution of the conflict with the Egyptians, the acknowledged leaders of the Arab world. No Israeli I know disagrees with the thesis that the 1967 cease-fire lines proved vital to Israeli security. Israel was able to recover from a massive surprise attack and in a matter of ten days turn the tables on the enemy—only because of the room afforded the army for strategic maneuver, for retreat, regrouping and attack.

The key to peace with Egypt, for good or bad, lies in that great stretch of desert called Sinai. The Israelis are not and will not be prepared to give up all of Sinai, and their case has been strengthened by events of the past month. Dayan said about six months ago that he preferred no peace and the retention of Sharm el Sheikh to a peace which would give back Sharm el Sheikh and the rest of Sinai to Egypt.

The hard bargaining is ahead. □

THE 1960s: YEARS OF FRENZY

James Q. Wilson and Robert L. DuPont, writing on "The Sick Sixties" (*The Atlantic*, October), note that the decade began in a mood of contentment with domestic affairs and confidence in international ones, but ended in "an agony of bitterness and frustration over both." Tracing the history of this dramatic change, the authors point out that the country "discovered poverty, confronted race, entered a war, and endured a series of tragic assassinations." They call attention, quite properly, to the fact that any one of these issues, to say nothing of all of them in combination, was sufficient to strain the political capacities and social bonds of the people nearly to the breaking point. And, of course, they stress the fact that the 1960s witnessed an unprecedented "invasion of barbarians"—that is, a large new generation of young people came of age. During the decade the number of young people increased by 1.3 million a year. That ten-year increase of 13 million in the 14-to-24 age group was greater than the growth in the young segment during the entire first half of the century. And Wilson and DuPont also observe that in no small part the divisiveness of the decade stemmed from the widespread belief that the main problems—those that aroused most public concern—could be explained by assigning moral blame. The piece concludes, and wisely, by admitting that we are not yet sure we can explain what in fact did happen in the 1960s.

But certain additional considerations can be noted. On March 9, 1957, *The Nation* brought out a special issue, "The Careful Young Men," about the generation then in college. At that time scarcely a whisper of protest could be heard from the nation's campuses. The prevailing mood was suggested in a Chicago *Maroon* editorial, in which the editor proposed forming a new campus group to be called the Apathy Party whose symbol would be the sloth. He added: "If I weren't so apathetic I would have organized it." Then in 1960, with Kennedy's election, the pall of conformity began to lift. Several antecedent factors help explain the change. The cold war—foreign and domestic—had frozen attitudes for more than a decade. Dissent became not merely unpopular but dangerous. McCarthyism was rampant. The inquisitorial committees were active. "Left" parties, movements and groupings were on the defensive. Not until the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955 did the atmosphere begin to change. But all this while the postwar generation was not quite as conformist as it appeared to be; dissatisfactions were accumulating and they suddenly surfaced in the 1960s. The force and vehemence of their expression was a function of the degree and duration of the suppression.

But there were no relevant models for radical political action. The "Left" was fragmented, demoralized and, to a degree, discredited. The major parties were nonresponsive, as the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy demonstrated. So the young radicals struck out on their own. Many of them found their baptism in the civil rights movement and were, in an almost religious sense, "reborn." Those who participated in the South were to some extent set apart from other members of their generation by the intense shared experiences and attendant dangers of the movement. Many of these young activists, most of them white, were jailed, beaten and harassed by hostile crowds. Later, they were not too politely elbowed out of the movement by blacks who, after 1966, became enamored of the slogan "Black Power." As the war began to escalate in Vietnam after 1965, their energies tended to find expression in anti-war activities in which young blacks did not show a similar interest. At about this time, the mass media became much intrigued by the counter-culture, the young radicals and their noisy on-campus protests. And the universities, caught by surprise, reacted slowly and often stupidly to demands for

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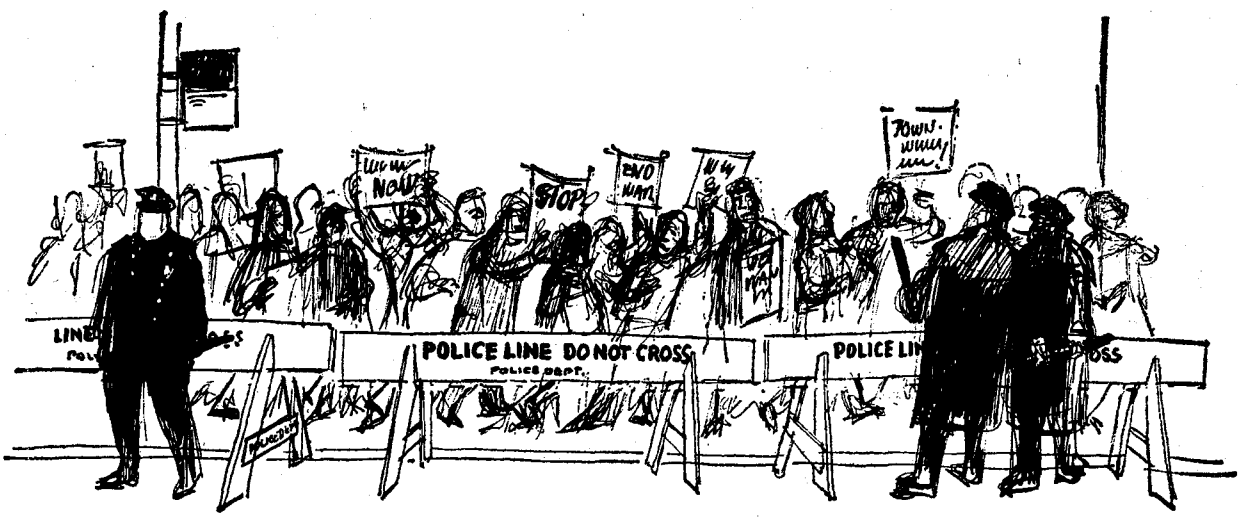
change as the center of the movement shifted to the campuses.

What galled young radicals was the unresponsiveness, the condescension, the demonstrated hypocrisy of the Establishment. Not only were they convinced that some things had gone wrong in the society, a sound enough conclusion, but they also believed that the Establishment knew what was wrong, and why, and couldn't care less. The effect was to release tidal waves of emotion that could find no appropriate political expression. Few of these radicals came from working-class backgrounds; they were mostly white, suburban, middle class, well educated. For them, liberalism was exhausted and, since no existing radical movement appealed to them, they began to do what they thought they had to do. What they did, in effect, was to make a life style out of the politics of protest. Octavio Paz pointed out recently that rhetoric and violence are two forms of pride and two ways of ignoring reality. One reality ignored was the matter of risks. The Catholic Left had thought through a calculus of risk; its partisans were well aware of the sanctions they faced and publicly accepted responsibility for their actions. The young radicals tended also to ignore the impact of their actions on those groups that, in theory, they should have been most eager to influence. They kept insisting on moral imperatives and neglected the more difficult task of pointing to different groups where their real self-interest lay. The new radicalism was not a grass-roots protest such as that which surfaced in the 1930s; it demanded moral commitment and dedication that only a minority of the older electorate could offer. The head of religious apocalypse. Judge Gignoux was most courteous—the reverse image of Judge Hoffman—and U.S. Attorney James Thompson was most understanding. Oddly enough, these radicals did not seem to react to the disasters of the Nixon Administration; apparently it is their parents who demand the President's resignation, or impeachment. Kirkhorn writes that, because the movement "was so nebulous, enrolling virtually nobody in political organizations, carrying out no programs, it is impossible to say what effect these years of frenzy [the 1960s] had on the general political, social and cultural situation."

Difficult, perhaps, but not impossible. For one thing the radicals of the 1960s brought into being a new openness toward change. To some extent a "greening" has occurred. For the vanguard of a generation to tell its parents that they stink—politically, culturally, socially—is a fact of some importance. And while the "movement" may have gone, the radicals have not. They still reject, writes Dr. James Fendrich in an important study, traditional occupations that offer only conventional rewards. They seem to have been indelibly colored by their experiences. Many of them, Dr. Fendrich says, are looking for "demanding institutions that provide the opportunity to realize radical human commitments." Many of them are now trying to establish grass-roots contacts and associations; they are thinking in terms of programs that have an immediate appeal to the self-interest of strategic groups. They are, in brief, in process of preparing the political movement they failed to form in the 1960s. Ten years later, Fendrich found that they were still involved



got separated from the heart, the vanguard from the ground troops.

So the protests of the 1960s were bound to abate, and almost as suddenly and dramatically as they arose. Michael Kirkhorn, in the *Chicago Tribune*, notes the way in which change has, in a sense, outdistanced the defendants in the Chicago conspiracy case who recently reassembled in court for their trial on contempt charges. So much has happened since 1968! Jerry Rubin passed around copies of an article telling how he discovered the reality of his body under the guidance of a California therapist. Rennie Davis has become the cheerful agent and committed politically, with more than half of the sample he studied still calling themselves radicals. The 1960s may have been sick—although that is not how we would characterize the decade—but the young radicals it spawned are anything but sick.

That judgment requires stressing because too many of the participants in the movement now look back on their experience as an exercise in futility. They seem to forget that it was their outcry, angry and sustained, that above all persuaded Lyndon Johnson to renounce the Presidency—the first time in our history that a moral, nonpolitical vote of "no confidence" instructed an elected

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leader to avoid the verdict of the polls. It is not surprising that the young radicals now tend to discount that achievement, since the country elevated the disastrous Nixon to replace the repudiated Johnson. But it was not the young who made that blunder, and it should be noted that the precedent they set, when they told Johnson to go and he went, hangs like a sword over the White House today. Our Constitution does not provide the parliamentary machinery for disposing promptly of a government found inadequate, but the fate of Lyndon Johnson demonstrates that we have other means at our disposal.

* * *

The two pieces that follow suggest what has happened to the radicals of the 1960s. Karleton Lewis Armstrong was driven to an act of violence by powerful emotions, which he probably did not understand—at his trial he seemed to have difficulty recalling just what he did think at the time. The older witnesses, veterans of the same movement, who testified in his defense, seemed better able to explain the feelings which prompted his desperate act. His trial dramatizes the way in which moral outrage can fuel intense political frustration which in turn can lead to desperate acts. It also symbolizes the way in which the radicals of the 1960s, some the victims of very bitter experiences, have left a more significant imprint on our times than most observers seem to recognize. And the story of Venceremos has much the same interest. Read together, these articles (and by a fortunate coincidence, the general thrust of Harold Clurman's theatre column in this issue) constitute a kind of finale to the violence of the radicalism of the 1960s and, perhaps, offer a suggestion of things to come.

—The Editors

THE MADISON BOMBING

Watershed Between the Decades

DANIEL SCHWARTZ

Madison, Wis.

Karleton Lewis Armstrong, 24, the son of a Madison, Wis. worker, disappeared into the misty dawn of August 24, 1970. He turned fugitive in the wake of an explosion of high-nitrogen fertilizer soaked in fuel oil, the equivalent of 3,400 sticks of dynamite. In what the Madison native later called an "affirmation of life," he had destroyed a wing of a building that University of Wisconsin officials called Sterling Hall but which everyone else knew as Army Math—the home of the controversial University Mathematics Research Center of the U.S. Army (AMRC).

The young University of Wisconsin student planted his bomb with forethought for human life. After weeks of surveillance, he believed that no one would be in the building at the hour he chose for the blast. A poster-pamphlet furtively distributed on Madison's streets later that morning began with a feigned nonchalance: "Some friends of ours blew up a building." But more than the ruined offices of an army think-tank for applied mathematics and counterinsurgency warfare lay in the embers of Sterling Hall. Firemen discovered in the wreckage the body of Robert Fassnacht, a post-doctoral physics researcher, who had been working late that night in his nearby laboratory. A self-proclaimed act of sabotage and resistance had inadvertently crossed the legal line of murder.

Karl Armstrong, bearded and paler by two years in jail, celebrated his 27th birthday this October 15 by lighting a brief, paper torch in his tiny cell on the 7th floor of the Madison City-Council building, just off the State Capitol Square. In the street, under the eerie lights thrown off the capitol dome, cheers rang out from several hundred wind-bitten troops of protest. "Happy birthday to you—yeah, yeah—happy birthday to you," the group sang out in a jazzy abandon induced by the stream of joints which had made the rounds earlier in the night. A comical master of ceremonies, a frizzy-haired veteran of Vietnam singing into a bullhorn and swaying like a Disney cat perched on a telephone wire, led the refrain: "Happy birthday, Karl Armstrong, happy birthday to you."

Karl's mother, in her testimony two weeks later at a mitigation of sentence hearing for her son, called the birthday party one of her happiest moments in three years. "Something incredible happened in Madison in the mid-1960s," many of the birthday celebrants were told at an earlier rally by a member of the Karl Armstrong defense committee: "Karl Armstrong became a friend of the Vietnamese."

Incredible things, however, also occurred late in September in the courts of Dane County Circuit Court Judge William Sachtjen and Federal District Court Judge James Doyle. In those two places, Armstrong ended a two-year legal battle by pleading guilty to reduced charges of second-degree murder stemming from the fatal August blast and four counts of arson stemming from separate fire-bomb attacks on university-military buildings. Under the extraordinary security measures which have marked his case since his capture in Toronto by Canadian officials in February 1972, Armstrong read a statement to the judges of the two courts and, less directly, to the citizens of Madison. Softly, and with a nervousness that diminished as he continued to read, Armstrong stated:

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"These charges against me are substantially correct in a technical sense. . . . However, I am pleading guilty . . . so that I will be able to fully deal with real issues and not be inhibited by the restrictions of a trial. . . . I wish that a full defense of my actions presented after these pleadings will reach everyone's hearts and minds and reveal the impelling reasons which made my acts necessary. I in no way regard these acts as crimes."

On Thursday, November 1, Judge Sachtjen, a friendly looking, silver-haired man who as a law student had once worked in an office with Ruth Armstrong, passed sentence on her eldest son. In a brief statement, he sentenced Armstrong to an "indeterminate" prison term not to exceed twenty-three years for the second-degree murder of Robert Fassnacht. The judge's decision did not mention the Vietnamese War. He said that "careful consideration" of all testimony had led him to the term which he imposed, along with a concurrent sentence of ten to fifteen years for the four arson counts.

Since the terms of Armstrong's plea bargain carried a state recommendation of a maximum twenty-five years for second-degree murder, Sachtjen's major concession was to give Armstrong credit for the two years in jail he had served under a $450,000 bail since his capture in Toronto. Federal Judge Doyle is not expected to exceed Sachtjen's sentence for the federal murder count on which Armstrong still faces sentencing, and it is assumed that he will let Armstrong serve that term concurrently with the state term. Under Wisconsin law, he will be eligible for parole within five years.

On the night of the sentencing, a chanting crowd of several hundred persons marched for more than two hours in light rain, dodging squads of riot-equipped policemen, breaking windows on campus and in several downtown buildings, and provoking the bitter smell of tear gas in the Madison streets. At this spontaneous rally of "revenge" in support of Armstrong six young supporters were arrested on charges ranging from disorderly conduct to assaulting an officer. By the time the demonstration ended, Armstrong had been whisked, under tight security, to Waupon State Prison, a maximum-security detention center with its own unique chapter of predominantly black veterans of Vietnam.

William Sachtjen's court on the second floor of the City-County building is a moderately large, wood-paneled seat of justice. The timeless banality of the setting: the silent rows of law books, the impassive expressions of the bailiffs and court reporters, were in the sharpest contrast to the emotional weight of the two weeks of dramatic and unprecedented testimony that preceded Sachtjen's ruling. The drama unfolded to the general neglect by a national media caught up with a war in the Middle East and a growing constitutional crisis at home.

At times electrifying, at times tedious and pathetic in its objective recitation of human misery, Armstrong's defense became an attempt by his legal team to prove the illegal nature of the American presence in Vietnam and the moral justification of resistance to it. "In order to show the motivation of why Karl Armstrong acted," defense lawyer William Kunstler told the court on the opening day, "it will be necessary to show the history of the times out of which he grew, a history of a war as it provides guide to his motivation."

Like a forgotten litany, the Vietnam-inspired confrontations, slogans and politics of the 1960s emerged from the more than thirty Americans called by the defense team from all walks of life. A state attorney, Michael Zelesky, engaged in some cross-examination of witnesses, but he was constrained by the judge and by the terms of Armstrong's plea bargain to allow the defense a free hand.

Some of the witnesses were well known because they too had stood trial for resisting the war. These men—Philip Berrigan of Harrisburg fame, Tony Russo and Daniel Ellsberg from the Pentagon Papers trial—all condemned as illegal a government which waged a barbarous war in the name of the people. Other witnesses—veterans, a former CIA agent, former Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska—repeated testimony they had given at other trials, at Winter Soldier investigations, Copenhagen War Tribunals and even Senate subcommittee hearings on the conduct of the Indochinese war.

Yet all the witnesses, local and national, acknowledged the changes in emotion which the three years since the Madison bombing have produced. The preoccupations of a new decade, with its Watergate, its inflation, its struggles over pollution, its Middle Eastern war and impeachment talk, coated as with a fine mist the picture of the 1960s that emerged in court.

As columnist Garry Wills pointed out, the Madison bombing seems in retrospect a cultural watershed between the decades. Even Armstrong's supporters, who each day waited on long lines to enter court, reflected the sense of change in their behavior during the proceedings. They did not attempt to provoke confrontation, merely to express support. The feeling seemed to be that this was a time for conciliation, or amnesty, not for confrontation. The presence of Watergate was so palpable, in fact, that even the radical Left believed that Judge Sachtjen would be more disposed in 1973 to believe what he was hearing in court than he might have been earlier, although the same accusations had been in the streets since 1968.

Time, then, seemed to have muted much of the anger and outrage which shaped the events leading to the Madison bombing. Armstrong himself illustrated the change. Central, but often curiously islanded by the testimony, he seemed like a prisoner of the wrong decade. The years he has spent in jail, as well as the psychological strain of events, have affected him to the point that, as he admitted with characteristic honesty during his climactic testimony, he sometimes had trouble remembering clearly all the reasons that drove him to blow up the Army Math Center.

Local changes in Madison also shifted the meaning of testimony. Although the days of mass marches and street militancy are history, the Madison Left remains quite visible. On a floor of the City-County building above the Sachtjen court, sits Paul Soglin, Madison's current Mayor. He is 28, and shaped by the same radical student movement and many of the same experiences that influenced Karl Armstrong. Again and again in court, Soglin and his top-salaried aide, James Rowen, a

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son-in-law of George McGovern, were mentioned as participants in the anti-war confrontations which, defense lawyers claimed, led inevitably to the destruction of Army Math.

Rowen, who started the research that made Army Math the prime target for university anti-war activities, spoke to a small rally on the Madison library mall the day Armstrong pleaded guilty. Citing Armstrong's "unprecedented political courage" in making the plea, the Mayor's assistant noted:

> This trial concerns a hometown boy whose family was an integral part of this city. The city will have to deal with the question of why it happened here. And the city will also have to deal with the question of why the AMRC is here. There is a needed attempt to make sure Karl Armstrong has a future and is once again free like all of us.

During the two weeks of Armstrong's hearing, the less radical city council voted to recommend that impeachment proceedings be brought against President Nixon. In an inconclusive vote, the council also defeated a measure calling for the university to sever its relationship with the Army. Moderate councilmen said they preferred to wait until after the Armstrong hearing before considering the matter, and voted it down.

The most direct link between the war and the Wisconsin capital was made in court by Joseph Bowman, a science teacher in a local free school, a Ph.D. graduate of the University of Wisconsin Chemistry Department and a member of a local political group called Science for the People (SFP). Bowman worked with a collective of SFP that had exhaustively studied the contributions made by the Math Center to the military. Over a nine-month period, the fourteen-member group analyzed the center's semi-annual and annual reports and published a 100-page statement.

This report, called the AMRC Papers, declared that the work of the ten permanent staff members at the University Center was critical to the development of weapons at research bases around the country. AMRC's work, Bowman said, is responsible for developments in conventional weapons, missiles, chemical and biological weapons, as well as models for overall military and economic strategy. These models, used in war-games strategy, are examples of the emerging usefulness of mathematics research in creating techniques for controlling populations, controlling the flow of raw materials or suppressing indigenous guerrilla movements. Several of Bowman's accusations were supported by earlier testimony from veterans, who stated under oath that they had worked in Vietnam with weapons that AMRC scientists had helped to develop.

The AMRC Papers fitted neatly into Armstrong's defense strategy, but they were not prepared for that reason. Rather, they were part of a larger effort by groups like Science for the People to redirect science toward what they feel will be more humanitarian purposes than those of the military and industry. The Madison group released its findings at a press conference held in the office of Mayor Soglin, coupling their report with a call for the termination of the University-AMRC contract, and proposing the creation of a People's Math Center.

As testimony in court explained, the AMRC Papers represented a final step in the research war of words in Madison which dated back to 1968. Like most such battles in the academic arena, the one against AMRC was fought with pamphlets, with departmentalized pressures, with the hidden entrapments of the multiversity's bureaucracy and finally, when push turned to trash in Madison, with the power of the police and National Guard. In August 1970, that war was escalated with the bombing of Sterling Hall.

Bowman's testimony was challenged by the center's acting director, R. Creighton Buck, a University mathematics professor and full-time center researcher who called the AMRC Papers "science fiction." Buck, who was subpoenaed by the defense to appear in court with the center's records, is a careful and intelligent speaker, whose Donald Duck body and balding head make him somewhat comical. He was the first witness to draw derisive laughter from the pro-Armstrong spectators.

Buck particularly denied the allegation that the center had helped to develop the infrared sensors used in the automated battlefield of Indochina and developed at the University of Michigan's Project Michigan, the largest university-Army contract in the nation. No permanent staff member worked on this project, Buck claimed. He said he was unsure of the work of visiting staff members. Local attorney Melvin Greenberg, a member of the three-man defense team (Robert Kellerman, a Toronto barrister, was the third) cross-examined Buck on listings in AMRC annual reports of at least nine consultations between Project Michigan personnel and permanent staff members. "It depends on what you mean by consulted with," Buck replied. "If this group visited the University of Michigan and were simply made aware of the problems Project Michigan was working on, then they didn't consult with the project." Greenberg, however, pointed out somewhat angrily—"But it is your [the center's] reports which use that word, that say these people consulted with the project."

Buck also stated under examination that he did not, and could not, know how the military used his research. "I don't care if what I do helps the Army," he said after being asked if he understood the legal concept of incrimination as established by the Nuremberg-Tokyo war crimes trials. "I wouldn't turn down a mathematical problem if it's a good question—that is, if it is a subject which is intellectually interesting to me," he concluded to hisses from the partisan audience.

Buck's testimony contrasted vividly with the broad-scale responsibilities of scientists and citizens outlined by two of the most distinguished witnesses at the hearing: Richard Falk, professor of law at Princeton University and a widely published expert on the illegality of the war in Vietnam, and former Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska, one of two Senators who voted against President Johnson's Tonkin Gulf resolution.

Falk's testimony centered on the Nuremberg trials and their roots in international law. He noted, in particular, the irony that an American government had ignored in

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Vietnam the very legal precedents it had helped to establish and apply to World War II. Citing the war's constitutional illegality, and its genocidal nature, Falk stated: "One begins to appreciate the depravity of the policy of those who were waging this war; a set of circumstances which for me as an American is a case of national shame and one which patriotic Americans do well to expose."

In the carefully modulated tones of his professional training, Falk spoke of the historically legitimate rights of "citizens with a duty, even an obligation, to try to obstruct criminally illegal activities of government."

Reflecting that the war had made him aware that "the distinction between criminals and victims is an extremely complicated one," Falk called on the courts of America to adopt a conciliatory policy of amnesty toward crimes stemming from the Vietnamese conflict—both for those who resisted and for those who were the architects of the policy. He cited France, after the Algerian conflict, as a country in which amnesty was adopted as an overall policy of government.

Gruening, an 86-year-old former doctor, lawyer, statesman and an editor of *The Nation* (he is now an editorial associate) seemed to have the most pronounced effect on the judge of any of the witnesses. Judge Sachtjen made no attempt to disguise his admiration for Gruening; the two had been exchanging dated political gossip about the Wisconsin Progressive Party even before Gruening began his testimony. Earlier in the court session, when Gruening first sat down next to Armstrong—the accused murderer's long hair wildly licking at the corners of his collar—the former Senator from Alaska seemed painfully miscast, a dupe of some overzealous defense committee member who had perhaps talked the aging politician into a political embarrassment. But the moment Gruening opened his mouth there was no doubt that he understood his mission. In loud and logical testimony, reflecting a superb memory and a lightning wit, Gruening condemned the illegal seizure of war-making power by Presidents Johnson and Nixon. He also accused them of calculated deceptions of Congress, of which the Tonkin resolution was a part. In such a case as Indochina, Gruening concluded, "all acts of resistance are fully justified." He amended his thoughts, however, to say he did not want to comment specifically on the Madison bombing because of the tragic death involved.

The most unequivocal support for Armstrong's actions came from a stream of veterans, many from Madison, who testified during the first few days of the hearing. Bold in their accusations, specific in their recitation of atrocities, the vets placed themselves wholeheartedly in sympathy with Armstrong's action. "I'm more criminal than he is," a vet claimed in a representative view. "I'd be honored to share a cell next to him in jail." "A lot of vets would have done what Karl Armstrong did, if they had more courage," stated a vet who is today a salesman in Fast Food shops in Madison. In the most dramatic moment of the first week, a fifteen-year veteran of Korea and Vietnam described submachining to death twenty-four Vietnamese children. Armstrong led the supportive applause from an emotionally charged courtroom, adding, "It took a lot of courage to say what that man just did. A lot of trouble could have been prevented if things like that were let out four or five years ago."

A day later, Robert J. Lifton, the psychiatrist and author, told a rapt audience that the "numbing" atmosphere of daily atrocities in Vietnam inspired the "rage and guilt" that provoked young political activists to violent means of resistance.

Madison in *The Nation*

October 5, 1970: "Madison, U.S.A.: Bomb Crater in the American Dream" by Peter Weiss.

June 23, 1973: "Madison's Golden Coalition: Student Activist to Mayor" by Paul Blustein.

The final leg of testimony in the hearing traced, in the words of faculty and students, the immense and in some cases traumatic changes that student liberals went through on their way to accept violent tactics. Max Elbaum, 26, who now lives in San Francisco, presented the most dramatic picture of what it feels like to move from a physics student in jacket and tie to a student radical ready to attack property and, at times, police.

Elbaum attended the university during the period from 1967-70 that the Madison campus was radicalized. After the murder of Fred Hampton in 1969, he said, "A large number of people, including myself, stopped looking toward law-enforcement agencies as an avenue for change. The killing had to be stopped and we came to believe that normal channels were closed."

Recalling obviously disconcerting memories, Elbaum went on to describe the May 1970 uprising in Madison on the occasion of the Cambodia invasion, which forced the Governor to call out the National Guard. "Cambodia brought home to us," he said in rapid singsong, "a sense of urgency, of time; that time was not standing still. It seemed apocalyptic, almost. A battle of life and death, in a sense it was; each moment that went by that we did not act to stop genocide was a wasted moment. People were moved to do things, say things, in a way which is not often expressed. Bonds were established between myself and others, between myself and the Vietnamese, that I'll never forget."

On the final day of testimony, Armstrong took the stand. Without prompting from his attorneys and in a rambling stream of thoughts, sometimes coherent, sometimes not, he explained his motives, his political development and the details of the bombing. Fatigued by what he calls "the jailhouse blues," Armstrong retraced the steps in his radicalization from a 19-year-old Boy Scout and ROTC candidate to demonstrator and bomber. The emotional weight of Fassnacht's death, the psychological burdens of the AMRC bombing, three ROTC fire bombings and two aborted attacks on the nearby Baraboo ammunition plant seemed present, like a kind of shell shock, in every sentence of Armstrong's testimony. He said he would bomb AMRC again if he were faced with the same situation. He said that after AMRC he was too "psychologically wasted" to attempt any other act of violence. "It was tortuous and slow," one Arm-

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strong supporter noted of the testimony, "but it was so honest and open, so free of rhetoric that you felt incredibly moved—because, you see, you understood it could have very easily been you up there."

When Henry Haslach, a Madison radical who testified on his involvement with the founding of SDS on campus, was asked if he was surprised by the bombing, he gave a representative reply: "No, it was more a question of who would do it than when."

During his detention in Madison, Armstrong often sat passively in his cell on the 7th floor of the City-County building, a prisoner of time and conscience. Across the street, he had a narrow view of a concrete parking ramp. Occasionally, an old friend or a member of the defense committee would come to a prearranged spot and wave. On Tuesdays, he was allowed a phone call. One Saturday of each month he received a visitor whose voice he could barely hear through a security window. Armstrong stopped a daily, self-imposed exercise program after his first year in jail.

In June of 1972, at the time of his first extradition hearing, a rally was held for Armstrong in Toronto. There, Von Ba, a delegate to Cuba from the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, thanked him on behalf of the Vietnamese people. "What Karl Armstrong did," he said, "was a wonderful act of courage—very well done."

In the jail cells and courtrooms of Madison, one of the most liberal cities in America, they don't talk much about courage—just about time. □

STRUGGLE IN DISARRAY

Venceremos and the Jail Break

STEPHEN R. WEISSMAN

Following a fragrant, winding road on the Stanford University campus, you arrive at the attractive residence of Dr. Halsted Holman, Guggenhime professor of internal medicine, and his wife, Barbara, who holds a doctorate in public health. Out back, a giant shaggy dog lumbers around the swimming pool, contributing to the impression of academic ease. But it's a false impression. The indoor patio overlooking the pool is cluttered with thousands of pages of court proceedings, affidavits and mimeographed literature, and one is apt to find Mrs. Holman at the typewriter, engrossed in some factual or legal issue. For the Holmans' daughter, Andrea, and her husband, Benton "Doug" Burt, were recently convicted of second-degree murder, assault with a deadly weapon and rescue of a prisoner.

Andrea had been active in anti-war organizing in high school and was a long-time member of Venceremos, a Bay Area "multinational revolutionary organization" which recently announced that it had disbanded. Doug, an 8th-grade dropout from a poor, broken family, had spent nearly half his 31 years behind bars. His offenses were mainly small burglaries, but a prison fight brought him a six-month to ten-year sentence, of which he served the full term. The length of his incarceration may have been related to his political development in recent years. One of the new breed of activist white prisoners, he filed suits (including one with George Jackson) against the authorities, helped organize the Prisoners Union at Folsom, and plunged into prison law work before and after completing his long punishment.

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The Burts' trial, in San Bernardino, Calif., was almost ignored by the media, though it involved an important group of young radicals and was rich with overtones of political persecution. Perhaps it was overshadowed by the contemporaneous Justice Department gaffe in Gainesville. In any event, it is too bad that the "Chino Escape Case" has received so little attention, for it raises significant national issues. In particular, it goes some way to explain why the organized student Left has disintegrated, even as general student consciousness of social inequities has increased. And it illustrates, in a courtroom setting that may be far more typical than those in which the government recently flubbed its cases, the continuing difficulty of assuring justice and fair treatment for radicals and dissenters—even when the defense team is headed by a Charles Garry.

On October 6, 1972, in Southern California, a car taking Chino State Prison inmate Ronald Beaty to an already canceled court appearance (the warden's office apparently failed to transmit word of the change) was forced to a stop by a green Oldsmobile sedan and a white Falcon station wagon. Beaty having been freed, a member of the ambush team cruelly shot the two unarmed and now handcuffed guards, killing one of them—a young Chicano. Beaty, a twice-convicted robber, was serving a life sentence for a kidnapping committed during a previous escape from Chino. Like Doug Burt, his former prison buddy, he had become a "jailhouse lawyer." Unlike Burt, he was also a member of Venceremos, which he had joined by mail several months before his latest flight. Beaty was recaptured on December 11 as he drove across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge with Jean Hobson, a 45-year-old Palo Alto grandmother. Mrs. Hobson had been a member of the Venceremos Central Committee until November 4, when she resigned from that post, citing her unsuccessful "struggle to unite my personal/political life." Following a joint FBI-San Bernardino

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County sheriff's office investigation, the Burts, Mrs. Hobson, and 22-year-old Bob Seabock (Mrs. Hobson's next-door neighbor and a former member of Venceremos) were charged with planning and executing the bloody escape. Mrs. Hobson, Seabock and five others (including two more members of Venceremos) were indicted by federal grand juries for their alleged roles in "harboring" Beaty.

As will be shown in a moment, the evidence presented at the Burts' trial leaves room to doubt that the authorities have found the group responsible for Beaty's shortlived freedom and the death of the guard. But there was ample proof that Jean Hobson, her son Bruce, and Seabock were shielding Beaty within a short time after his escape. And since Bruce Hobson was married to the chairwoman of the Venceremos Central Committee, it seems likely that Venceremos leaders knew what was going on, although the evidence is that they rapidly came to disapprove of the situation. The whole affair leads one to ask what kind of radical organization Venceremos was, and how at least one important member (Jean Hobson) could become involved in such a hopeless and dangerous relationship as that with Beaty.

Venceremos ("We Will Win") was formed in January 1971 as a result of a split in the Bay Area Revolutionary Union. It came to include a number of local collectives operating in the stretch of peninsula between San Francisco and San Jose. Although most of its members were middle to upper-middle class, well-educated whites, including a large contingent of Stanford students, ex-students and employees, it was unusual among movement groups in that it worked hard to relate to radical minorities. At its birth it merged with a militant Chicano group which had developed in Redwood City during a student struggle at the College of San Mateo.

A major tenet of Venceremos was Third World majority membership on its Central Committee. The organization's politics were very much a product of the sudden spurt of student and black militance in the late 1960s. Like other movement groups, its program was anti-imperialist and advocated Socialist revolution. Except for a plank on women's liberation, its "principles of unity" largely echoed the Ten Points of the Black Panthers.

Tactically, while both white students and Black Panthers were splitting over whether to concentrate on "serve the people programs" or on Weatherman-like "direct action," Venceremos claimed to have solved the problem by reference to the history of the movement itself. As fired Stanford English professor and Venceremos leader Bruce Franklin concluded, "It was impossible to build a base without taking direct action and no direct action was effective without building a base. It was equally impossible to serve the people effectively without raising the level of the struggle."

But what was clear in abstract principle could be sadly murky in practice, particularly as the Nixon Administration made itself felt on the campuses and in the ghettos. With such examples of "direct action" as sit-ins, "trashing" and fighting back against the police in their past, some Venceremos members were puzzled about the contemporary meaning of "armed struggle." As one leader told me, "It was clear that you should have guns [like the early Panthers], that you should defend your house if the police came in without legal justification, that violence would be necessary for the overthrow of the government, and that armed incidents would take place in an individual sense in the society and would signify the beginnings of guerrilla warfare. But nothing else was clear and in fact the military question was hardly ever discussed."

The leadership's occasional comments on "armed struggle" were positively obfuscatory. One can derive from them any number of interpretations. The usual procedure was to quote maxims from Lenin, based on conditions in Russia in 1905. But what did these mean in the United States in 1972, and what did they imply for dedicated Venceremos cadres who were mainly at work in "serve the people programs" like the People's Medical Center of Redwood City, a publicly financed drug center in Palo Alto, a defense committee for Pvt. Billy Smith, a Conference on Political Prisoners at Stanford, or the newspaper committee which kept the community informed of oppression in the American Empire?

The growing confusion about armed struggle was symptomatic of the loss of direction in the organization that is now cited by many former members as an important factor in its demise. As the black and student mass movements ebbed, in part because the consciousness they aroused surpassed their ability to change American society, it became harder to see what the main thrust of a radical organization should be. Venceremos' central leadership was unable to provide a theoretical basis for revolutionary strategy (no one else has been more successful) and in the last months appears to have bogged down in such bureaucratic details as who would go to what meeting when. At the end, many of the local collectives were functioning autonomously and individuals were quitting over issues that once were settled within the organization.

A last important characteristic of Venceremos was its undifferentiated vision of "urban guerrilla warfare." Inspired by the Panthers and the "street people" in their midst, Venceremos members were rather more hopeful about the revolutionary possibilities of the *Lumpenproletariat* than Marx and Engels had been. Thus they were willing to endow such individual acts of violence as black sailor Mark Essex's sniping at whites from a New Orleans motel, Jonathan Jackson's courageous but futile attempt to liberate three prisoners at the Marin County Court, and Ronald Beaty's escape and the slaying of his guard, with the dignity of "revolutionary battles." The organization seemed to draw no significant distinction between such individual and dubiously political incidents and collective and purposeful acts like the Attica rebellion and the Tupamaros' freeing of political prisoners. At the Chino trial the prosecution introduced some Venceremos Central Committee notes written right after Beaty's escape and found with Mrs. Hobson and Beaty when they were captured. These described the escape as "a real example of the politics we stand for, and it bridges the gap between talk about revolutionary action, especially regarding prison work, and actual revolutionary action. It succeeded and shows that actions can be taken."

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Upon reflection, it is possible to understand how some members of an organization that had an ambiguous position on armed struggle, lacked central direction and romanticized *lumpenproletariat* violence could become involved in aiding an escaped prisoner. However, it is a lot more difficult to imagine that a major section of the group would organize and finance the escape of someone it hardly knew, at great risk to the organization and its ongoing projects. As Bruce Franklin once exclaimed on this point, "We are not complete fools!" And it is true that, whatever its rhetoric, Venceremos was active for nearly three years with nary a charge of "heavy" illegal acts until the Chino incident. What then should we make of the convictions brought in by that jury in San Bernardino?

After studying the nearly 6,000-page trial transcript, I find the case against the Burts at best debatable, and nowhere near to proof beyond a reasonable doubt. Beaty himself was the prosecution's star witness. His richly spun testimony included allegations that a single visit by Andrea Burt, ostensibly to apologize for Doug's delay in forwarding legal materials and to talk politics, was really for the purpose of confirming final details of the plot; that a letter she subsequently wrote him about political subjects was in fact pregnant with secret meanings about escape; that he attempted to telephone Burt and Hobson the evening before the crime, when he learned that his court appearance had been canceled; that the Burts were present and armed at the scene of the crime, although Seabock was the "trigger man."

The defense was able to show a number of instances where Beaty had told his story differently. A prison guard responsible for monitoring Beaty's phone calls on the eve of his escape testified that he had tried to call a lawyer and a girl friend, not the defendants or Mrs. Hobson. In an earlier appearance before the grand jury, Beaty had described his escape discussions with Andrea Burt as only "very vague."

Under Garry's cross-examination Beaty admitted having withheld information about his cabin hideout from the grand jury in order to protect a young couple and their child, and having invented a tale about Bruce Franklin ordering him blindfolded en route to the cabin to justify his feigned ignorance. He also said that, in return for his guilty plea to Murder One and his testimony against the Burts, the FBI and the sheriff's office had agreed to drop the two pending escape charges, guarantee his personal safety, permit his life sentences to run concurrently, and intervene with the Adult Authority when he becomes eligible for parole in seven years. Most striking was the revelation that, after his previous escape, Beaty had tried unsuccessfully to convince a jury that a young couple he had kidnapped was really working with him, and that he had then insinuated that the crime was arranged by George Jackson (whom he did not know) and the Black Panther Party!

In the current case, two prisoners swore that Beaty had discussed with them his plan to frame Venceremos if he were caught, and thereby obtain a better deal from the authorities. Although their testimony might be discounted as prisoner vengeance against a "rat," other evidence bolstered the defense portrayal of Beaty as a dealer and manipulator. He had sold narcotics at San Quentin. After he was captured on the Bay Bridge, he suggested to the FBI that they implant an electronic eavesdropping device under his skin so that he could "escape" again and spy on Bruce Franklin. During the second escape he conveniently "forgot" a personal file in the front of the state car which contained letters from Andrea Burt and Jean Hobson, a government document concerning the Panthers, and some of his own "revolutionary poetry."

One's judgment on the case would therefore depend upon the amount of independent corroboration the prosecution could bring to Beaty's story. As noted earlier, it amassed abundant evidence that Mrs. Hobson and Seabock were involved with Beaty *after* his escape. But it was unable to establish their presence *during* the escape, or any firm connection between Seabock's handguns and bullets and the shots fired into the guards. While other evidence could appear at the Hobson-Seabock trial, which was scheduled to begin in late October, the prosecution at the escape trial was able to offer only such tantalizing but inconclusive items as Seabock's absence from work on October 6, the *possibility* that his gun could have fired the fatal shots, and the discovery of a hat-wig and can of derma-wax during a search of his house (Beaty claimed that Seabock was disguised in a wig and dark make-up during the ambush).

Regarding the Burts' involvement, corroboration was offered by four eyewitnesses, but their testimony was ambiguous. Andrea Burt was identified by a highway patrolman as the woman he had observed in the green Oldsmobile a short while before the crime. While he claimed to have observed both of the cars involved that morning, and to have recognized Andrea from a newspaper photo published soon after her arrest in late October, he did not come forward with any information until mid-December. In addition, his description of the woman he saw seemed to diverge somewhat from that of Andrea, and upon cross-examination he revealed substantial lapses of memory. Thus, he could not recall the kind of patrol car he used the day of the escape or describe a sergeant who later briefed him on the details of the crime. Garry also suggested, as he did with other eyewitnesses, that sheriff's office zeal to convict the Burts may have influenced the identification. In this instance he complained that a report which the patrolman had laboriously constructed about his observations was destroyed by the police on the ground that it had been "incorporated" in another, briefer report made by a sergeant.

Doug was identified in court by a woman whose house was near the scene of the crime. Furthermore, she had selected his profile photo out of five shown to her ten days after the event. On the other hand, she had initially informed the FBI that the persons she saw were all dark, possibly Mexican (Doug is light), and had given an inappropriate height for the person alleged to be Doug Burt. After the photo identification she had observed Doug at a line-up and concluded that while he "looked familiar," she could not be "certain" that he was the one. It was pointed out that the witness was driven to and from court

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by the sheriff's office and refused to be interviewed by the defense.

A third eyewitness was a salesman in a hardware store who approached the police after reading that a pair of bolt cutters had been used to free Beaty. He identified Andrea both in a line-up and in court as having been present when he showed a similar pair of bolt cutters to three or four people a few weeks before the escape. Yet in his first discussion with the authorities the salesman had referred only to a "possible female" in the group to which he showed the tool, and the woman noted seemed shorter and stockier than Andrea. And when first shown photos of Andrea and Doug, he had been unable to identify them and had in fact picked other pictures as being "similar" or "familiar."

The final eyewitness was the Burts' landlady. She stated that she did not see the defendants at all on October 6, although they claim to have been home and around the neighborhood. More importantly, she identified a photo of the Falcon used in the escape as being the car that was parked outside her house the week before the escape. She went so far as to recall the American flag decal on the back window. The defense tried to impeach her memory by noting contradictions between the dates of events conveyed in her police interviews and the dates she cited in court. Also, a defense investigator testified that she identified a photo of a Falcon station wagon currently parked on her street, and carrying an Oakland Raiders decal, as similar to the car she saw in late September, and that she admitted knowing little about the makes and types of cars. The defense put on two alibi witnesses who asserted that the Burts were at home in Northern California on October 6. However one of these was a member of Venceremos, and the other, a young woman who had been staying with the Burts, was also active in the prison movement and had a child from a liaison with an escaped convict.

Two gas station attendants who had serviced the Olds and Falcon the evening before the escape could not identify the Burts, nor could another eyewitness to the crime. The rest of the prosecution's case consisted of inconclusive physical evidence: records of phone calls between the Burts and Hobsons and Beaty which were explained differently by each side, Venceremos Central Committee notes feting comrade Ron's escape but not admitting any complicity, the mutual possession of arms stolen from a house in San Mateo County by Hobson, Seabock, Beaty and a prisoner who once stayed at Doug's house, etc.

After a short period of deliberation, the jury voted seven for conviction and five for acquittal. Three days later, another vote showed ten for conviction, and after another two days the jury was unanimous. It was obvious that socio-political attitudes had played a large role in the jurors' deliberations. In the original seven-to-five split, all but one of the jurors for conviction were more than 55, and all but one of the jurors for acquittal were under 41. After the trial the three youngest members of the jury filed affidavits suggesting that some of their colleagues had indulged prejudices against student radicals and prisoners. These affidavits all noted that one juror had stated that "the issue in his mind from the beginning of the trial was not whether or not the defendants had committed the crimes charged but whether they were capable of committing them. He further stated that the fact that Benton Burt had served his full term in prison proved that he had not been rehabilitated." He went on to say that Andrea's trip to Cuba when she was 16 was "for the purpose of postgraduate work in revolution" and that "it was nothing for people like this to commit crimes like the ones charged." Another juror was said to have seconded and restated most of these remarks.

The jury's performance raises doubt that any leftish dissenter can receive a fair trial in conservative jurisdictions such as San Bernardino County. In the general euphoria created by the government's failure to convict the Gainesville 8, the Harrisburg 7, the Panther 21, etc., one tends to forget that political prosecutions are not always spoiled by poor preparation, sympathetic defendants, socially heterogeneous juries and nationwide defense committees. The difficulty is apt to be greatest when, as in this instance, the trial promises to be long and the few minority or working-class people on the juror panel are excused on grounds of hardship. It is also clear that local authorities were willing to exploit the jury's passions in order to get convictions against the Burts. Thus Deputy Dist. Atty. Joseph Canty was frequently admonished by the judge to refrain from irrelevant but inflammatory questioning of witnesses with regard to their racial and political beliefs. (In cross-examining Doug Burt about his working relationship with attorney Fay Stender, who had represented George Jackson, Canty asked, "Is there anything about George Jackson that might ring a bell for the jury in terms of who he is?," and "What revolutionary organizations does she [Stender] belong to?" An alibi witness from Venceremos was subjected on cross-examination to several rephrased questions whereby Canty put the militant rhetoric of the organization before the jury until he was silenced by the judge. The Burts' boarder, another alibi witness, was asked whether her child was illegitimate and whether she, a white woman, visited only black prisoners.) Shortly after the trial began, it was shifted into a "security" courtroom equipped with bullet-proof glass partition and TV monitors. Not forewarned of this move, the defense was unable to *voir dire* the jurors on whether such circumstances might influence their judgment of the defendants. However, after the trial, one juror told a defense lawyer, "The glass screen was for our protection [from the young spectators], not to keep the defendants from running out." If this imputation of guilt was insufficient, Canty began to appear in court with a gun bulging from his back pocket, and had to be asked by the judge to stop wearing it.

Indeed, even before the case got into court both federal and local authorities had run roughshod over the defendants' civil liberties. The taped FBI interrogation of Beaty indicated that federal agents did not hesitate to "jog" their star witness' memory. A belated identification of Seabock by the surviving guard was thrown out of court because of prompting by the sheriff's office. A line-up conducted by that office was ruled "constitutionally invalid" because the defendants' lawyer was not permitted to observe the identifications (nevertheless, the identifications were repeated, and in one case improved upon,

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in court). The sergeant directing the investigation admitted having destroyed the highway patrolman's report. Testimony by the Burts' boarder that she was told after the arrests that Doug Burt had threatened her, and was offered $6,000 and a new identity if she would testify for the state, was not contradicted. During the trial, the Los Angeles and San Bernardino police admitted having observers at a fund-raising party for the defense. In addition, the three defense lawyers and the Holman family complained several times that they were being watched, followed and photographed. Reporter Alan Ashby, who covered the trial for the San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram*, told me that he thinks the defendants were guilty though not beyond a reasonable doubt, but that he also believes "there is a strong likelihood that they did not receive a fair trial."

The primary significance of the Chino Escape Case is *not* that radical groups are obtusely self-destructive. It is that these groups are weak and vulnerable, that the hostility of American society and their own intellectual errors can lead them into confusion, disarray and occasional collisions with the legal order, and that when they come up against the tacit biases of this legal order, they stand a good chance of being denied "equal justice under the law." □

AN 'ENEMY' IN ORANGE COUNTY

Getting the Goods on San Clemente

JOHN BLACKBURN

Santa Ana

When President Richard Nixon acquired a $1.5 million ocean-front estate in San Clemente, Calif., shortly after his first inauguration, he dubbed his new home "La Casa Pacifica." Roughly translated, that means "House of Peace." But, in view of the national tempest caused by a series of articles which appeared this year in a California newspaper, the U. S. Secret Service code name for the residence—"Storm King"—is more appropriate.

The news stories, which appeared in the *Santa Ana Register*, challenged the President's version of where the cash came from to buy the Western White House, detailed the federal funds spent for improvements, and asserted that the President was receiving a tax break on his property from local officials. Eventually, the storm spread from San Clemente to Key Biscayne, Fla., where Nixon maintains another retreat—and where, again, U.S. tax dollars were poured into improvements.

Commenting on just one aspect of those articles, former Kennedy administration aide Kenneth O'Donnell said recently that Nixon will probably suffer more from disclosure of these government expenditures on his private property than from the simmering Watergate scandal: "While the public may not understand the complications of Watergate, it does understand paying for improvements to the President's homes in California and Florida."

Julie Nixon Eisenhower told newsmen that the *Register* stories disturbed and angered the First Family. "They're not fair," she pouted in an interview last summer. And at his October 26th televised news conference, Nixon said the San Clemente stories "are the kind that get under your skin." What really upsets Nixon, one of his press aides told me during one of the Presidential jaunts to La Casa Pacifica last summer, is the fact that the articles originated in a newspaper which he looked upon as friendly. "My God," the puzzled aide exclaimed, "we expect that kind of stuff from *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times*, but not the *Santa Ana Register*. It's not just conservative, it's right wing." And so is Orange County, California, where the *Register* is based and Nixon's Western White House sits atop a bluff overlooking the Pacific. From the beginning of Nixon's political career, it has been "friendly turf."

I joined the *Register* in March 1969—the same month Richard Nixon made his first visit to Orange County as President and announced that he was acquiring a ten-room Spanish villa on 21.65 acres of land at the southern boundary of San Clemente.

(As a newsman, I abhor first-person articles. However, since I wrote the series of stories on the Western White House, there's no way to avoid my personal experiences, including efforts made by diehard Nixon supporters to stop the series.)

Orange County was agog with excitement and no one —including the press—questioned discrepancies between the White House version of how the deal was being financed and what official documents on file with the county recorder's office indicated.

As the months passed, however, I became a devoted Nixon "watcher" and unearthed several stories about F. Donald Nixon's involvement with firms that obtained government subcontracts. Editors at the *Register* weren't always overjoyed with what I found, but to their credit, the stories appeared and received good play.

Then came Watergate and a bevy of Eastern newsmen descended on Orange County in the summer of 1972. Their target was the Western White House, Nixon's La Casa Pacifica. They came up empty-handed. But the fact that the nation's press was zeroing in on Nixon's home prompted one editor at the *Register* to give me an unofficial assignment.

"Look, John," he said over a cup of coffee in a closed-door conference, "the *Register* doesn't go in much for investigative reporting. We don't have unlimited funds

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and we leave that kind of stuff to the *Los Angeles Times* and the other big newspapers. But I have a feeling there's a story here in Orange County about how Nixon got the Western White House—and I don't want to get beat on a story on our own home ground. See what you can find out. But do it in your spare time. It's not to interfere with your regular assignments."

It wasn't the most auspicious way to launch a probe, but it was better than sitting on my hands and gnashing my teeth while the Wally Turners *(New York Times)* and Ron Kesslers *(Washington Post)* tore up one side of the county and down the other looking for a break. Off I went to the county recorder's office, where I discovered that, in addition to the 21.65 acres of land and the five-bedroom home that Nixon bought on June 30, 1969, he made a second purchase of adjoining land less than three months later. This second—and unpublicized—land transaction involved 2.95 acres just to the north and east of the Presidential property.

The disclosure wasn't a world shaker, but it was a start—and it showed that the President's estate actually comprised 24.6 acres and cost $1.5 million, not 21.65 acres costing $1.4 million. The real puzzler, though, was where the cash for the purchase had come from.

Orange County records showed that the two deals involved down payments of $420,000 and mortgages of $1.08 million. But at the time of the purchases, then Nixon adviser John Ehrlichman told newsmen the President had put up only $100,000 as a down payment and was assuming a mortgage of only $240,000.

Ehrlichman explained that the President "controlled" only the villa, nearby outbuildings and approximately 5 acres of land. He said the balance of the acreage was being held until a "compatible" buyer, perhaps the Nixon Foundation, could be found. This White House version of the purchase, when checked against the official documents, was a patent fabrication.

But, apparently, there was no way to get at the truth of the matter. The estate was held in a trust by a Los Angeles title and insurance firm, and a newsman had no legal right to scan that firm's records to determine who bankrolled the balance of the down payments and who was responsible for the additional $840,000 in mortgages.

Then last May 13, the *Register* published a page-1 story under my byline which started a chain of events that has resulted in a string of Congressional investigations and state of California inquiries. The story stated that an estimated $1 million in unreported GOP campaign funds left over from the 1968 national election may have been used by Nixon to buy La Casa Pacifica. "The startling disclosure," the article continued, "is contained in a preliminary report compiled by federal investigators. . . ."

The White House reacted quickly and, without even seeing a copy of the article, branded it "totally false and malicious."

Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler called a news conference to say that details of the financing had been made public in 1969 and "we are prepared again to provide a total accounting." What did Ziegler mean by "again"? The White House had persistently refused to answer any questions about the discrepancies between Ehrlichman's 1969 statement and Orange County documents.

Meanwhile, in the *Register* newsroom, the telephones were ringing off their cradles. A few of the calls were congratulatory, but most were from irate subscribers who couldn't understand why a "good Republican newspaper" would print such a story. Actually, the *Register* owes allegiance to no political party and has never endorsed a candidate for office.

Cancellations poured in by the thousands. Editors were nervous. "Are you sure of your facts?" one asked me.

"Hell, yes," I replied. "I don't know for sure whether the report I have a copy of is gospel, but that's what it says—only in stronger words."

Within the next few days, I received scores of "hate" letters. As a sample of the mail, I'll quote one here:

"You goddam (*sic*) filthy bunch of Communist bastards. Your newspaper is a lousy, filthy, lying rag which isn't fit for people to wipe their ass on. If I was President, I would sue your goddam filthy paper.

"You can take your Ellsburg (*sic*)—that Jew Communist thief—and Ted Kennedy, that murderer, and all the Democraps (*sic*) and stick them all up your cancerous ass." So much for comments from the Orange County reading public.

My wife started receiving obscene telephone calls. I had the number changed; the calls continued. I obtained an unlisted telephone number. My phone was tapped; I had the tap removed.

It was tapped again; the tap was removed again.

All this, however, was just a prelude. In June, shortly after the White House had said that the only "outside financing" received by Nixon when he purchased his San Clemente home was a $625,000 loan from New York industrialist Robert Abplanalp, the Western White House story took a new tack. In response to an inquiry from *The New York Times*, Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren stated that the federal government had spent a total of $39,525 for improvements at La Casa Pacifica, mainly for security reasons. I knew that was untrue.

When Nixon took up residence at the Western White House and workers poured in to make alterations on his new house and grounds, the city of San Clemente set up a special building permit file with the quaint title of "Operation Sunrise." But city officials refused to show newsmen the file, despite court rulings that such records are public documents.

"I don't know why you newspaper people have to be so nosey," a miffed clerk told me. "We should be thrilled that the President and his lovely wife live here and not bother about how much it costs taxpayers."

Under threat of a court order she produced the file. It wasn't all there, but there was enough information to indicate that more than $100,000 in federal funds had been spent on Nixon's property for such items as gazebos, a beach cabana, a bulletproof wind-screen around the Presidential swimming pool and an electrical heating system for the house.

After a few discreet inquiries, I came up with additional contractors who showed me their bills for work at La Casa Pacifica. I still didn't have the total figure, but

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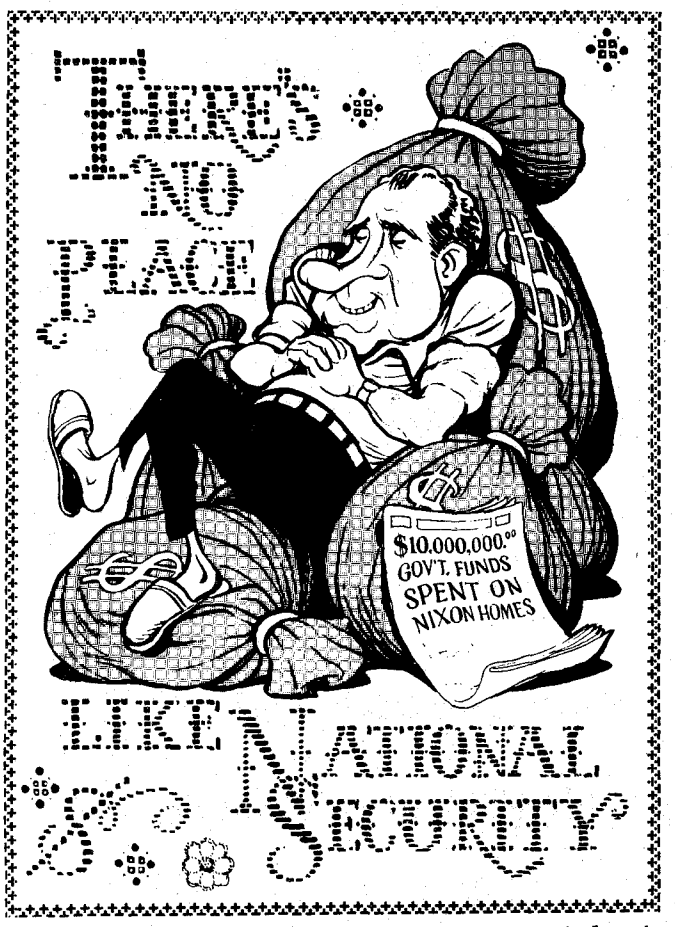
had come up with a cost estimate of more than $414,000.

Grudgingly, the White House confirmed the figures in the *Register* article. Within a few days, the U.S. General Services Administration (GSA) admitted it had spent $703,367 for improvements on Nixon's California real estate and $1.18 million at Key Biscayne.

At the *Register* there were more cancellations, more nasty letters and, a new twist, pressure to shut off any further stories. The pressure—and it wasn't at all subtle—came from "influential" members of the Lincoln Club, many of whom also advertised in the *Register*.

"We're going to make it so hot for you that you'll be out of a job and out of the county in a week," an angry club member snarled at me during an encounter at a Republican function in Newport Beach.

The *Register* was besieged with reports that I had vowed publicly to "get" Nixon. (I hadn't). Fellow reporters informed me of rumors that I was on the payroll of Ted Kennedy. (I wasn't.) My wife heard about my many girl friends. (That, too, while flattering, was untrue.) Advertisers talked of taking their business elsewhere. (Few did it.)



Haynie, Louisville Courier-Journal

"I wish we hadn't gotten involved in this stuff," an editor told me as we discussed the attack on my personal and professional integrity. "But we are and we're backing you up 100 per cent. You keep coming up with good stuff and we'll go with it."

In July, I came up with some more. Nixon might be receiving a tax break on his property. The charge came from California's Board of Equalization, which oversees property assessment practices in the state.

Although the President had paid $1.5 million for his place in 1969, spent $123,000 of his own money and more than $700,000 in federal funds on improvements (and some friends had chipped in $75,000 for a six-hole golf course on the estate), the Orange County assessor—now a GOP Congressman—said in 1970 that the property was worth only $1.08 million. The 1973-74 value placed on the President's California property is pegged at $1.37 million.

Based on data supplied by the Board of Equalization and the Orange County tax collector's office, the *Register* estimated that the President had been undertaxed at least $25,000 and perhaps as much as $55,000 over a three-year period. The tax collector turned Congressman, Andrew J. Hinshaw, accused the *Register* of printing "outright lies."

At a hurriedly called press conference, Hinshaw defended his appraisals on the grounds that he had no proof Nixon paid $1.5 million for the property and that all federally funded improvements belonged to the U.S. Government. He conveniently ignored the county records which spelled out the purchase price and that the Dade County, Florida, assessor had upped the value of Nixon's Key Biscayne property by 23 per cent after it was revealed GSA had spent $1.18 million there.

Orange County's board of supervisors promptly ordered a new appraisal of La Casa Pacifica and contracted with the Board of Equalization to conduct the study. The reappraisal is not yet complete, but preliminary figures indicate that the Western White House is worth $2.9 million, more than double the current appraisal.

In other developments, the White House has now added the name of Charles (Bebe) Rebozo to Abplanalp's in its explanation of how the San Clemente estate was purchased. Apparently, the White House version of the deal still hasn't convinced everyone because both the Senate Watergate committee and House subcommittee headed by Rep. Jack Brooks (D., Tex.), plan to look into the matter. Moreover, Brooks's subcommittee—ironically, Hinshaw is a member—is investigating the propriety of spending tax dollars on the San Clemente and Key Biscayne improvements. And finally, legislation has been introduced in Congress to ban future government expenditures on private Presidential properties without Congressional approval.

My telephone at home is still tapped, but not on a regular basis. The "hate" mail still arrives, but only in trickles. Occasionally I get a compliment. Like the phone call from Shelby Scates, a political writer for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. "You must be a damn good reporter," he said. "I was down in San Clemente last week and everyone in town thinks you're the world's biggest bastard. Keep up the good work."

Someone recently sent me a copy of the story Scates wrote after his San Clemente trip. One sentence fascinated me. It was a quote attributed to Andrew Hinshaw: "John Blackburn is a - - - - ."

I don't know what Hinshaw meant by " - - - - " but I can guess. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'What Marx Really Meant Is Finnegans Wake'

CLOSING TIME. *By Norman O. Brown. Random House. 109 pp. $5.95.*

JAMES ATLAS

By this time it is a commonplace that sooner or later everything in America becomes a commodity, even an idea. There is a high level of literacy in this country, high enough to provide a substantial market for ambitious speculative works like Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization* or Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body*. And yet, given the solitude and the alienation from any significant audience that are the lot of most intellectuals, given the possibilities of success afforded by our sprawling economy and the existence of a large number of readers eager to find out all about themselves, the temptation to popularize ideas is often irresistible.

Nor is this necessarily a bad thing; why object if readers approach Marxism through Marcuse's more accessible texts, or Freud through Norman O. Brown? Writers like Susan Sontag, R.D. Laing and Brown himself offer us what Fredric Jameson has called "stylizations of reality." At its best, their work focuses the confusion of our time; at its worst, it delivers an apocalyptic version of the new. Even so, their concern with the modern can become overly fashionable; when Sontag, in a recent story that appeared in *American Review* #18, drew attention to "all this stuff I've got in my head: rockets and Venetian churches, David Bowie and Diderot," it suddenly appeared that even the 18th century was now the province of pop culture.

Norman O. Brown's tendency has been to view history as whatever is happening now. That was not so evident in *Life Against Death*, a brilliant examination of social life from the standpoint of psychoanalysis. *Love's Body*, which appeared seven years later, revealed a certain impatience with "linear" argument, and a desire to construct a more aphoristic, even impressionistic style. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, in a fine essay on *Love's Body* (*TriQuarterly* #12, Spring 1968), called Brown "a prophet of disorder"; and nothing confirms the suggestion more than his new book.

Brown's approach to intellectual history recalls Lévi-Strauss's portrait of the *bricoleur*, who turns toward an "existent set" of concepts, chooses materials with which "to engage in a sort of dialogue," and "indexes the possible answers which the whole set can offer to his problem." His task is to discover possible "signifiers," and prepare a response to the project at hand from whatever sources happen to be available. In *Love's Body*, Brown's vast, random erudition was a feature of the text; the citations resembled Talmudic glosses. In *Closing Time*, he has dispensed with ordering principles, being either unwilling or unable to make logical connections.

Ostensibly, *Closing Time* is a discussion of the relation between Joyce and Vico, one of the standard topics in Joyce criticism since Beckett's essay, "Dante . . . Bruno. Vico . . . Joyce," was published in 1929. Under Joyce's own direction, twelve "disciples" had labored to clarify the design and intent of *Finnegans Wake* (then known simply as *Work in Progress*), and collected their labors in *Our Exagmination round His Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress*. Beckett's was the most important of the contributions because it raised the question of Joyce and Vico; and a year later, Stuart Gilbert's book on *Ulysses* (also written under the supervision of Joyce) underscored the significance of Vico in Joyce's elaborate literary scheme.

Brown, in turn, seems to have been so liberated by his reading of Vico's *The New Science* and Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* that he would rather excerpt them, supplying occasional emendations, than interpret them. *Closing Time* is essentially an arrangement of quotations, so placed that their reciprocal character is established with only a skeletal commentary. When Brown does intervene, it is usually to supplement the quotations with other quotations, or with allusions to works that seem, in the *bricoleur*'s sense, "contingent" upon the theme. The title itself, and the book's initial words, "Time, gentlemen, please?" echo T.S. Eliot's use of English pub phrases in *The Wasteland*. More than Eliot, though, Brown's model in *Closing Time* seems to be Pound, specifically the *Cantos*,

James Atlas is a free-lance writer who has recently returned from Oxford. He has written on Marxism, Slavic studies and poetry.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE EARTH
December 1972

We don't talk about the war anymore,
Living on the dark side of the earth,
The winter side,
Yet we do not keep silent either.
We repeat ourselves until the words
Become thin as insect husks, forgetting
The stripped faces, the soup of limbs
Left when bombs have fallen.
It is dark here, a peculiar winter.
The ice-storm caught us unawares
And we froze into busy postures and went on living,
But the inmost room in our bodies was a grave.
How else could bombers inch across the sunlight,
And the earth get drunk with shudders,
And the dead be indistinguishable from mud,
If our most comfortable nightmares
And our innocent wealth did not belong to death.
When words make nothing happen they turn against the sayer.
We are eaten by our words, and so are silent,
And don't talk about the war anymore.

Paul Zweiz

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where the history of our entire civilization is rendered in fragments of received knowledge and literary reference. Because the *Cantos* display a comprehensive poetic design, their authority resides in the powers of imagination with which Pound invested them. Brown's impulse has been to mime the texture of Modernist poetry, its open lines and nonlinear development, without subscribing to the coherent vision that informs it. He has even claimed, in a recent symposium (*Salmagundi* #24, Fall 1973), that the structure of *Closing Time* is taken from Vico, whom Brown insists on seeing as the prophet of our cultural decline. His interpretation of Vico is literal, where Joyce's was metaphorical; Vico's triadic cycle of divine, heroic and human ages, which supersede one another and culminate in epochs of barbarism, is taken to be evidence that we have entered on a historical stage of *ricorso*: "That's where it's at: decline."

In illustration of this thesis of decadence, Brown summons a variety of contemporary witnesses, from Heidegger to Chomsky, from Bob Dylan and Abbie Hoffman to Denise Levertov and Mao. He has an irritating habit of merely mentioning authors and their works, or interpreting in a few words ideas that are just too complex to be so reduced. When he writes, "a city is syntax (Karl Kraus)," are we supposed to know where in Kraus's voluminous writings this notion occurs? Is it a direct quotation, or a paraphrase? And is it really accurate to say that "Foucault and Derrida return to the occult tradition the doctrine of signs as signatures of things?" After all, Michel Foucault's intention has been to decipher the various classifications, or taxonomies of natural and social phenomena that represent human experience. His "archeology of knowledge" claims to be a science with a rigorous structure. But Brown is eager to claim for mysticism (in this instance, probably Swedenborg) works that belong to what the French now call the human sciences.

Brown's emphasis on the linguistic discoveries embedded in *The New Science* can certainly be defended; it could even be said that Vico's proposal of a "mental dictionary for assigning origins to all the divers articulated languages" anticipates Chomsky's "deep structure" of linguistic universals, or that his recognition of the virtual identity of the history of language and the history of human institutions has become central to a number of disciplines. And it was this aspect of *The New Science* that fascinated Joyce: its etymological character. What occupied Vico above all was the origin of "human thoughts" and the manner in which these thoughts, like fossils, impressed themselves on the world.

Brown is so eager to show the relevance of Vico's speculations to the present historical moment, to detect the radical, subversive elements in his work, that Vico's complicated theory of poetry as the source of spoken language becomes, in *Closing Time*, a rhetorical platitude: "The language belongs to the people." Joyce is made to serve a similar purpose: "What Karl Marx really meant is *Finnegans Wake*." Brown wants Vico to be seen as both a mystic and a political radical, while Joyce is to represent the miraculous articulation of such a synthesis. With this tactic, he can have it both ways.

What is lost in Brown's random approach to Joyce and Vico is a sense of the reciprocal relation between them. It is less a question of Vico's influence on Joyce than of the works of the two authors illuminating each other. Joyce had read *The New Science* in Italian, was familiar with Benedetto Croce's chapter on Vico in his *Aesthetic*, and referred often to Michelet's *Oeuvres Choisies de Vico* (1827); Michelet's edition included a *"Discours sur le système et la vie de Vico"* which Joyce plundered even more than the original. The entire formal scheme of *Finnegans Wake* is drawn from Vico's theory of history, to which Joyce added a fourth age, that of the *ricorso*, when the tripartite cycle is recapitulated, and we return through time to "The seim anew."

It seems to me that Norman O. Brown has shown less interest in examining these parallels than in exploiting the more sensational resemblances between Joyce and Vico, imitating Vico's associative leaps and Joyce's puns ("mousterious bestial giants," in *Finnegans Wake*). He quotes Vico's *Autobiography*, but otherwise fails to consider either Vico's own philosophical sources or, except through innuendo, the Cartesianism he opposed. Moreover, he never mentions Croce's *The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico*, which Joyce knew, or Edgar Quinet's discussion of Vico (1825), quoted in *Finnegans Wake*.

I suspect Brown would answer that his purpose was not to write conventional criticism but to celebrate a second innocence, the coming of Vico's "age of gods." Brown's mannered para-criticism, his emancipation from ordinary discourse, is a way of telling us that we no longer need listen to the rational, even severe voices of cultural pessimists like Eliot, or at least not to their intended meanings; whether they knew it or not, their words were portents of *ricorso*, through which Rousseau's Edenic world would be restored. Brown has chosen to believe that, in his own words, "fact is fabrication." □

Beyond 'Either/Or'—Beyond 'Both'

TOWARD A RECOGNITION OF ANDROGYNY. *By Carolyn G. Heilbrun. Alfred A. Knopf. 189 pp. $6.95.*

CATHARINE STIMPSON

The etymology of the word androgyny has an appealing simplicity. It compounds two Greek words: *andros* (man) and *gyne* (woman). The meaning of the word is another matter. Trying to decode it, I find simplicity disintegrating in a muddle of common and uncommon usage.

The androgyne may be a hermaphrodite, a living thing that has both male and female sex organs. In the card catalogue of the New York Public Library, I found two entries under "Androgyny," twenty-four under "Hermaphrodite." They included items about Michelangelo and the crayfish. The figure of the hermaphrodite may assume mythic and mystical significance, a theme C.G. Jung explores in *Psychology and Alchemy* and Marie Delcourt, a French scholar, in the less famous *Hermaphrodite: Myths and Rites of the Bisexual Figure in Classical Antiquity*.

Or, the androgyne may be a transvestite, a member of one sex who puts on, even exaggerates, the costume and the manner of the other. Today, in some circles, where the conviction of sophistication may be more self-delusion than helpful self-picturing, the word "androgyne" is used as a synonym for bisexual, sleeping with both men and women, or as a euphemism to poetize random forays into a still half-taboo homosexuality.

Toward a Recognition of Androgyny offers still another possibility. Androgyny is a humane and valuable mode of behavior in which a person balances—in life, art, thought and feeling—the best of those characteristics we have labeled "masculine" and the best of those characteristics we have labeled "feminine." The

Catharine Stimpson, a member of the Barnard English Department, is working on a series of critical essays about Charles Olson.

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androgyne, whether a biological man or a biological woman, will embody the bravery, energy and capacity for action men have been taught to exercise and the gentleness, patient stamina and capacity for love women have been taught to exercise. Certain myths, certain imaginative literary texts explore and endorse androgyny, a sign of the revelatory power of literature.

Carolyn G. Heilbrun's essay about such myths and texts is deft, her argument persuasive. Parts of it have been appearing since 1964, when her theory that accepted literary criticism and psychology might have a male bias, that intellectuals might have transformed the phallus into a totem, was far more inflammatory than it is today. In a brief "Introduction," Heilbrun lucidly defines her thesis and sketches the moral vision that gives her work structure and urgency. She believes that our future salvation demands that we abandon "sexual polarization and the prison of gender."

Her first chapter, "The Hidden River of Androgyny," remaps the terrain of Western cultural history from archaic creation myths to Thomas Mann. She searches for traces of the feminine principle, which she rightly believes has been hidden, mocked, evaded or ignored. No partisan of rigid ideologies, Heilbrun says that she hopes to discover a harmony of masculine and feminine values, not a substitution of a tyranny of the feminine for a tyranny of the masculine. Though obviously sympathetic to the struggle for women's rights, she separates its literature from the quest for an androgynous ideal and its prophets:

> . . . in androgynous novels, the reader identifies [himself] with the male and female characters equally; in feminist novels, only with the female hero.

She offers an ingenious formula, which a reader may use as if it were a dowsing rod, to locate a spring of androgyny: reverse the sex of the major characters of a novel or of a play. Do the conflicts and their resolution stay more or less the same? If so, the work may be androgynous or, at least, it may repudiate the social decree that all men must be "manly" and all women must be "womanly." Heilbrun applies her formula to Sophocles' *Antigone* as a test case.

The next chapter, "The Woman as Hero," outlines the development of the woman protagonist, particularly in the novel, from Samuel Richardson in the 18th century to Virginia Woolf in the 20th. Or, as Heilbrun puts it, from Clarissa to Clarissa Dalloway. She suggests that around 1880, major male writers, such as Henry James, began to create women characters who could bear the burden of tragic action. Cognizant of her debt to Kenneth Burke, Heilbrun thinks of tragedy as a process from "purpose"—the illusion of being able to act—through "passion"—being acted upon, suffering—to a culmination in "perception"—a new awareness of the forces that govern the world. A woman's awareness of governing forces will be deeper than that of a man, if only because more forces govern her—among them, men.

Great male writers have personified their vision in women characters—not simply to show an abstract sympathy, not simply to test their technical skill—but to reveal that the pressures of history were making men feel something akin to what most women had always felt. Heilbrun says,

> . . . the Woman as Hero is more frequent in great modern literature precisely because the peculiar tension that exists between her apparent freedom and her actual relegation to a constrained destiny is a tension experienced also by men in the modern world.

The figure of the male writer who imagines what it must be like to be a woman sufficiently well to write about her, and whose response to life is sufficiently like a woman's to use her as a metaphor for the tragedy of the masculine self, prompts a notion of androgyny as a state of mind. That is, a biological man who has a feminized vision, or a biological woman who has a masculinized vision. Heilbrun might, however, have explored more fully a potential irony in the life of the mental androgyne—she or he may be unable to behave as androgynously as they think. A Lytton Strachey may have written well about women, but he wanted Dora Carrington to do all those things women have always done for men, like making beds and tea.

Heilbrun's last major section is about the Bloomsbury group: Strachey, Clive and Vanessa Stephen Bell, Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Roger Fry, John Maynard Keynes. Her description, no less generous for being succinct, is at once biography and literary criticism. She calls Bloomsbury the "first actual example of such a way of life [the androgynous] in practice." A measure of Heilbrun's respect for both Bloomsbury and its prophetic ways is that they appear to be a paradigm of civilized life itself.

For all its virtues, *Toward a Recognition of Androgyny* sometimes puzzles me. Heilbrun's tone is too modest, too deferential, for a book that advances a serious concept, to which she is morally committed. Her modesty sometimes promotes an ambiguity of syntax. Take, for example, this sentence about Greek literature: "We see also a celebration of the 'feminine' impulse, of androgynous roles for the woman characters." Is the celebration of the "feminine" impulse the same thing as "androgynous roles" for women, or not? As I thought about the book in a petty mood, I remembered a friend of mine once asking, "Why androgyny? Why the male word first? Why don't people ever use the word 'gynandromorph' as well? It's perfectly respectable."

As Heilbrun admits in her introduction, the recognition of homosexuality that accompanied the recognition of androgyny at first discomfited her. That unease has prevented her, I believe, from following one theory of androgyny to its logical consequence. Her androgynous vision should dismiss any distinctions among persons on the ground of physical sex. Yet Heilbrun seems more comfortable when she can think of homosexuals as bisexuals, and most comfortable when she can think of heterosexuals—biological men giving evidence of feminine virtues and biological women giving evidence of masculine virtues; men showing the tenderness of a good mother and women the boldness of a righteous warrior. Her comments about Tristan and Isolt imply that she finds a heterosexual union, which dramatizes both *eros* and *agape*, the most gratifying image of androgyny. An example of synergy, the feminized man and the masculinized woman—in love—are more than the sum of their parts.

I wonder, too, about the historicity of *Toward a Recognition of Androgyny*. Heilbrun's rhetoric, from time to time, forces one to conclude that valuable historical "progress" is a matter of con-

SEEDING WITH STONE

Planted in pairs, their husks
bulge overground like trampled
tortoises asleep forever.
My arms remember hefting
loaves and loaves of stone.
In hand they hankered for the earth
again.
They made me stoop.
They curved my fingers into claws
until I cursed the man
who raised the sledge that struck
the wedge that squared the edges
of the blocks I pounded into place . . .
The rocks remember nothing.
The clocks within their cores
mark time, mark time, mark time
while I broom up the dust
that tells me how I happened—
where I'm going—what I am.

Samuel Hazo

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sciousness rather than of alterations in a set of political and economic structures. She writes:

> Great periods of civilization, however much they have owed their beginnings to the aggressive dominance of the male principle, have always been marked by some sort of rise in the status of women. This in its turn is a manifestation of something more profound: the recognition of the importance of the "feminine" principle, not as other, but as necessary to wholeness.

She may be right, especially if all she means is that deep shifts in consciousness tend to precede happy changes in the actual lives of previously wretched people and that a shock of recognition tends to precede the construction of a political platform. However, she does not fully discuss the historical conditions under which any given androgynous work arose, under which an androgynous writer arose. Her refusal to do so may be in part a result of her theory of the imagination. She thinks of it as a miracle —unpredictable, inexplicable. She feels that the free play of the imagination is likelier to bring "salvation" than the "delineation of the historical." But is the appearance of the imagination really that mysterious, and is the imagination, having once appeared, that powerful?

My most serious doubt has to do with the concept of androgyny itself. It may lock us into an organization of the world in which we still catalogue phenomena and values by means of a sexual vocabulary. An androgynous vision, as Heilbrun illuminates it, is much to be preferred to a stridently masculine vision, in which virility and violence are perilously congenial. Nevertheless, it still postulates a binary world, in which we think in the old terms of masculine and feminine. As much as I welcome androgyny, I fear it, fear that it may prove to be a reshuffling of the same deck of sexual cards, in which we simply have made the queens count as much as kings. □

Brazilian Master

COUNSELLOR AYRES' MEMORIAL. *By Joaquim Machado de Assis. Translated by Helen Caldwell. University of California Press. 224 pp. $7.50.*

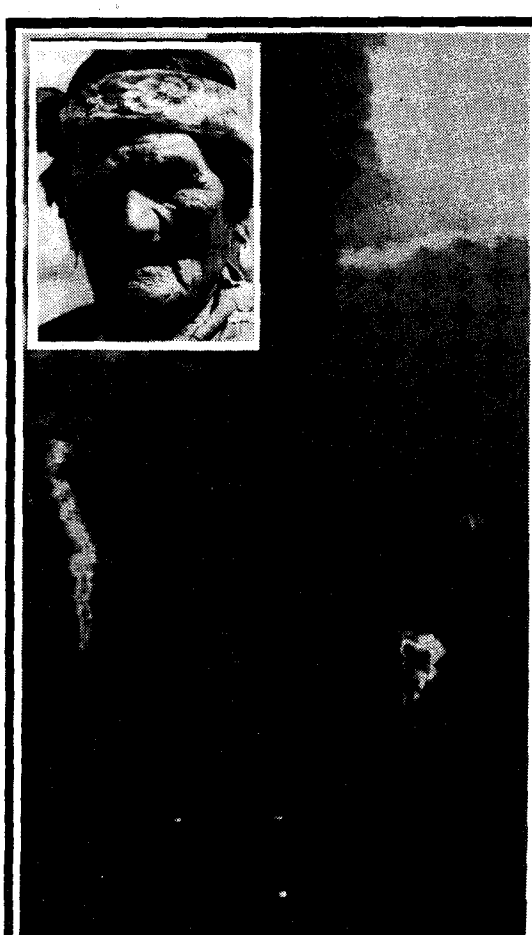
ALAN CHEUSE

How might a Brazilian critic prepare his audience for the Portuguese translation of a late novel by Henry James? This problem came to my mind after I had reached the final page of Helen Caldwell's impeccable translation of *Counsellor Ayres' Memorial*, the last novel by the Brazilian master. How might one convince readers in Rio de Janeiro that a novelist writing about New York and Boston in the late 1800s might rival the wit and elegance as well as the passion for experience of their own turn-of-the-century genius Machado de Assis?

Counsellor Ayres, a retired Brazilian diplomat, had served before as the vehicle for Machado's complex sense of life. Having appeared as one of the main figures in *Esau and Jacob*, he returns to record in his "memorial," or day book, the drama of his own regeneration of will after the death of his wife, as well as the effects of love among a group of his contemporaries. The difficulties and triumphs of private and public life among the Brazilian ruling class on the verge of the modern era are fixed in the pages of his diary.

The personal realm seems predominant at first. We learn about the burgeoning love Ayres discovers within himself for a young widow named Fidelia, as well as Fidelia's transition from mourning for

Alan Cheuse teaches literature at Bennington College.



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her late spouse to love for Tristão, a handsome Brazilian émigré whom Carmo and Aguiar, two elderly acquaintances of the journal keeper, have taken under their wing. Here and there the larger drama of the abolition of slavery—the period is 1888-89—impinges upon their personal affairs. But only in the story of Tristão, who decides to enter politics in Portugal, do the personal and social elements actually converge. Fidelia marries him and they sail to Portugal. In recording these events, Ayres comes to terms with his own old age and solitude.

Freedom, then, is the overriding concern of this narrative, whether it be freedom from the burden of outworn passions and illusions or, in the case of the slaves, from servitude under the plantation owners' lash. Ayres, in fact, tries to free experience itself from its ambiguities in order to make the "truth" more convincing, and this gives his notations a texture all the more realistic. The result is a novel as ironic as any of Machado's earlier fiction, but with a new sense of ripeness and a tender regard for those whom life tries and tests. It is a last fitting monument to the art of Machado de Assis. □

Without Benefit of Broadway

ROBERT LEITER

Since 1969, the University of Iowa Press has honored the short story with their $1,000 School of Letters Award. Iowa's guidelines are elementary: short-story collections by authors yet unpublished in book form are submitted by September 30 of each year. The winner is announced the following spring, with publication in the fall. The novelist, Vance Bourjaily, long a member of the Iowa Writers Workshop and one of the judges of the first short-story competition, described the function of the award: "In a time when the short story is supposed to have little appeal for the general fiction audience, there are an extraordinary number of artists around who write the form with the skill, the love and the talent which makes great literature. We are convinced that there is a special audience for those artists, if not a general one. If this special audience is not large enough to interest our regular publishers now, then we see this as a remarkable opportunity for the press of our particular university." In an age where economic necessity reigns supreme, such noble sentiments often fall by the wayside. But Iowa has proved itself equal to its idealistic proposals. For three seasons, with the work of Cyrus Colter, Philip F. O'Connor and Jack Cady, the university press has been presenting an alternative to the excessive commercialism of the literary market.

Cyrus Colter's *The Beach Umbrella* was the first of Iowa's selections, and if, at the distance of two years, the volume seems less than adventurous, it is still not a disappointment. Cyrus Colter, a native of Indiana and a graduate of Ohio State and Chicago Kent College of Law, was appointed by Adlai Stevenson to the Illinois Commerce Commission. He is now the commission's senior member. He took up writing as a weekend hobby at the age of 50, and his work falls in very well with the purpose of the Iowa prize. The stories, like O'Connor's and Cady's, have appeared in university publications and other journals "of limited appeal." Colter's locale is Chicago, but in his stories we find a city unfamiliar to most of us —that of the blacks. Colter ranges from the conditions of slum living to the lordly existence of some members of the middle class, all seen at an affectionate comic distance. The rage and hate which were the common coin of black literature in the 1960s have here yielded to a loving objectivity. Ed Bullins and Ishmael Reed might find Colter passé, but Colter triumphs—on the simplest level—with a lively and entertaining stroke of literary sociology.

The first story, "A Man in the House," traces the thoughts and emotions of a teen-age girl living with a well-off Northern aunt and uncle. The niece finds no pleasure in weekend dating, preferring to bask in her uncle's virile presence. In "A Chance Meeting," two ex-servants once employed by a white woman of artistic leanings, meet after years, talk, share memories, and separate, the illusions of one shattered by the other. In "The Lookout," a young woman, scorned by her former friends, watches from a parked car while her well-heeled ex-pals arrive for a plush dinner party. "Mary's Convert" follows a hip street type in his sexual pursuit of a woman "touched" with evangelism.

Colter's stories are well executed and well proportioned, but that comment is one of mingled admiration and complaint. They have an unvarying structure, proceeding from beginning to end according to an easily detectable formula. The finales are subdued, and they hinge on pat revelations. That is, with the exception of "The Rescue," which indicates the direction pursued by Colter in his later fiction (he has published two novels: *Rivers of Eros*, soon to be released in paperback, and *The Hippodrome*, published in cloth by the Swallow Press). In "The Rescue," Essie refuses to lend her younger sister Bernice the money for a wild Detroit weekend. Haunted by the memory of her mother, Essie cannot condone her baby sister's reckless living. But she passes over her own relations with Lonzo, a man of questionable character. The conflict is tense and comic, and it leads to an ending that is very far from Colter's customary dying fall. Colter's second novel, *The Hippodrome*, set in a ghetto house where black couples stage sex shows for the edification of white audiences, presents a situation filled with tension, and amplifies it into a striking metaphor for our times. The preoccupations of the novel are very different from the relatively calm concerns of *The Beach Umbrella*. Colter appears to me to be a man who has been testing his considerable talent. He knows what he has done, sees that it is good and, if I am not mistaken, knows that there is more to be accomplished.

As a collection, Philip F. O'Connor's *Old Morals, Small Continents, Darker Times* has a kind of logical inevitability. The stories, published in smaller magazines (*Southern Review, December, Transatlantic Review*), succeed partly because of their inbred character. As in *Winesburg, Ohio*, the movement here is from the mysteries of youth to the still darker, harrowing, and at times comic demands of adult life. But while Anderson's book centers upon a single character and has a single dominant tone, O'Connor's stories are cast in varying styles and moods that are facets of a single spirit. Like much modern poetry (Adrienne Rich's *The Will to Change*, Marvin Bell's *The Escape into You*, John Berryman's *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*), the sequence is designed to effect a spiritual catharsis.

The first story, "The Gift Bearer," is a child's view of the baffling adult world, where a gift-bearing uncle brings, with his yearly visits, both joy and sorrow. The uncle and the father enjoy nightly pub stops. The child's vision, an amalgam of wonder and disbelief, is tinged with the sadness of adult perception. The earliest stories share this two-sided nostalgic haze. The shorter, experimental pieces ("Matter of Ages," "Funeral," "The Thumping of Grass")

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begin to dot the collection. At first alien in effect, these interludes resemble the brief italicized sections in Hemingway's *In Our Time;* both as introduction and summation, they provide transitions between O'Connor's opposing styles. When the reader arrives at "Mastodon's Box," the last story, he has proved the length of the journey. The later stories have in common a mocking mood; the tone is weary, and the earlier nostalgic haze has been dissipated. "Mastodon's Box," whose preoccupations recall Beckett, shows the gift-loving boy grown, his childish wonder extinguished, yet fondly remembered. The distance from the first story to the last has been bridged with a deft stroke of new-won style. O'Connor's volume impresses the reader as a substantial full-bodied achievement.

Jack Cady's world is territorially wider than Colter's but just as closely observed. It measures the social expanse of America. Cady's eye seems to miss nothing. His differing milieux are rendered in a dry, spare style (as with D. H. Lawrence, his characterizations arise from landscapes and actions). But Cady's best work is in revolt against the mere compilation of realistic detail. Unlike O'Connor, Cady's process of coming to maturity is marked by no gropings. His style is cool and clean throughout, his sentences plumb and seemingly airtight. If his stories are less immediately appealing than those of the other two authors I have been discussing, it is because his materials are in effect quite new. The "sameness" of his stories is the measure of an assured style and approach.

In the title story, "The Burning," a truck driver watches the smoldering remains of a truck in which a fellow driver has died. "The Girl in the Orange Hat" follows a would-be artist and his wife on one of their Sunday visits to a fresh-air concert. Their day is changed by the sight of a girl in an orange hat. The first story is set along a stretch of unidentified American highway; the second mentions definite times and places. Cady's prose, with no obvious tonal changes, brings each locale into focus without narrative trickery. Logically the artist and his world demand a different approach than the truck driver, but Cady says no. And pulls it off. It is surprising and exhilarating to discover so many differing settings and styles of life that are represented by the same set of artistic perceptions.

Cady's finest moment is his most daring. His last story, "With No Breeze," dealing with the lives of three men, shapes realism into folk myth. His language is still spare and simple, but it has a more fluid, more poetic quality:

> Hurd was our friend in younger days when we were lean with the upper airs in our lungs. Pike and I breathe even taller air now, but it is recirculated. A well-combed variety that contains neither smoke nor living perfume.

At the very end of the story, a character says, "The form changes, things seed, new growth wipes out old designs," a phrase which might stand as a tribute to the independent spirit of the Iowa winners. "With No Breeze" is a beautiful but logical departure, a fit ending to a collection filled with pleasures, one that is also an object lesson in the flexibility of language and insight.

There are some sour notes to be recorded among the good cheer. First, there is the matter of distribution. Very few people in the East have ever heard of Iowa prizewinners. Reviews have been scarce; the national magazines and newspapers have ignored these works. Vance Bourjaily, in *The New York Times Book Review* of August 5, took the time to bemoan the treatment of short fiction in America. The occasion for his observations was the naming of *The Itinerary of Beggars* by H. E. Francis as the 1973 Iowa award winner. Bourjaily suggested that the press accord the book its meed of serious criticism. I have had some personal experience of the active neglect that writers in the hinterlands are likely to experience, for an earlier version of this article had been turned down by another journal because of editorial objections—which did not include the fact that it discussed the neglect of worthy fiction, but might very well have been inspired by that fact.

Now, it is also in order to ask a few favors of Iowa. The collections mentioned here are not always readily available. The larger Eastern bookstores and specialty and university shops do not stock the works with any regularity. Had it not been for Mr. Bourjaily, the publication of *The Itinerary of Beggars* would have remained a well-guarded secret. Iowa is providing an invaluable service: with publication they give the authors the beginnings of contact with an audience, but by not distributing the books more aggressively, they permit that audience to remain small and "special." I know it is not within their power to force a thousand managers of book outlets to stock these admirable volumes, but it would be nice to know that they are giving it the old university try. □

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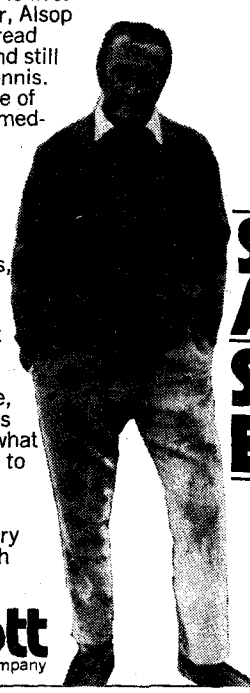

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In reviewing the original Broadway production of Michael Weller's *Moonchildren* (*The Nation*: March 13, 1972) I began by saying "I liked [the play] [though] I shall say things which may give the opposite impression." I went on: "There is vitality in this comedy, though its characters bombinate without direction. We do not know at the outset what these college kids want, we are not in the least certain where they will 'end.'

"The author," I continued, "sets forth the surface phenomenon vivaciously." The last statement is in line with his own program notes in the playbill of the new production at the Theatre de Lys, in which he writes, "I would like one's having watched it to have been a nice way to pass some time." This, though its modesty is not to be taken at face value, is closer to the play's nature than some of the fulsome praise that has been accorded it.

The present revival is more suitably situated in the small downtown house than it was on Broadway, but under renewed scrutiny its limitations become clearer. When I speak of "limitations," I do not mean to negate the play's values, but to define them. It is hardly a factual portrait of college youth in the 1960s, but rather a cartoon, a put-on close enough to the truth to be meaningful. The "moonchildren" students are ones who receive high grades in their academic work. Yet, except for one or two brief moments, we never feel that they have studied anything seriously enough for qualified discontent. They are always on the surface of their thoughts and actions—even the sexual—which is what they talk about most. They seem to have learned very little about the things they scorn. Their rebellion is routine: they are figurines implying a generation. Weller has set down his reactions with incisive colorfulness, but has not wholly encompassed them with understanding.

The point of the play is that the students, lacking moral or mental discipline (except that they are generally contemptuous of their elders and opposed to the war in Vietnam), drift without direction. It is indeed the impression many students make: that is their unconscious pathos. But though each has his or her distinguishing trait the characters do not seem sufficiently varied. Of the two girls, one is slightly prissy, the other rather bitchy. A nice girl (a nonstudent, apparently) is a *naïf* who hides from everything by taking refuge under tables; she attaches herself to a graduate student who is an assiduous and rather goofy reader. The two most academically successful fellows are in every respect the most frivolous; the "deepest" one is emotionally mute with hardly any resistance to "evil" or capacity to assert the "good."

An ironic statement is indirectly made, which I find more crucial than anything else in the play. The "square" characters—a student salesman of encyclopedias, the landlord of the students' rooming house and a "guy who lives downstairs"—all envy the students their "freedom"—a freedom that they do nothing with, a freedom whose emptiness is all too evident.

The cast is attractive, intelligent and scrupulous in fulfilling the direction of John Pasquin. But every line and point is italicized; director and actors have learned their lessons too well. One seems to be watching well-executed dramatic class exercises rather than living people. Hardly anything is casually done: even the four-letter words (of which there are now more than before) are too deliberately articulated.

The better performances—there are no bad ones—are given by Richard Cox as the oversensitive youth who cannot speak what is on his heart, Michael Sacks as the confused idealist who tries to set himself afire in protest against the war, and Kenneth McMillan as the landlord.

Another "young" play, *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* by Mark Medoff, is at the tiny Circle Theatre (Broadway between 83rd and 84th Streets) where his *The Hot L Baltimore* was first produced. The Circle company seems to have developed its own "style"—if the two plays I have seen under its auspices are typical. It is a city neighborhood realism—without coarse stress or pretention, unadorned and authentic.

We are in a nondescript diner in a small New Mexico town. The young man, "Red Ryder," who serves there at night is uneducated, testy; his one desire is to get out of his hole and work in a real restaurant (where the waiters wear tuxedos) in Baton Rouge. Into this restaurant, where the only regular customer is an elderly garage owner, comes a middle-class couple from New York, followed by a rough bully and his pick-up, a frightened and baffled doll. We soon discover that this fellow, "Teddy," and the girl are carrying dope from Mexico to California, but have little money. Teddy plans to scare some of this out of the people in the diner. The melodramatic action is employed as a means to convey a more generalized though not wholly explicit idea. The bully is a college dropout who, disgusted with the lack of fiber, mind, good faith and essential vitality of our citizenry, has become a spirit that denies. He is bent on exposing the flabbiness of the middle-class couples' relationship, the bloodlessness of the night waiter's ambition and the sorry purity of the diner's day waitress. Teddy—more symbol than person—embodies the disenchanted young who spit out their education and take their extravagant adventures to the point of crime.

The play has honest intention and a degree of theatrical punch. Its thrust is not too wide of its mark, and it is clearly the work of a playwright who may some day deliver more cogent stage fare, if his career does not lead him to screenwriting, where such material as we find in his play has become more and more "the thing."

I liked the cast of "Red Ryder" as I did that of *The Hot L Baltimore*, and for the same reason: it convinces without strain. Kevin Conway, memorable in last year's *Moonchildren*, is even more impressive in Medoff's play. He has energy, bite, head. Brad Dourif is altogether believable as the weakling "rebel" waiter and Elizabeth Sturges is utterly beguiling as the kooky waitress, unaware that she is lost. Either the part is the best written in the play or she makes it seem so. Kenneth Frankel's direction is right.

I have just seen David Rabe's macabre comedy *Boom Boom Room*, the first production of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. It is a play of merit and deserves more extended discussion that I am disposed to enter upon so soon after its performance.

At first it struck me as a genre portrait of a go-go girl: the environment from which she has emerged, the one into which she thrusts herself—in other words, a bit of popular or racy realism. But there is a savage poet in Rabe rather than a naturalist. His humor contains venom, an uncontained rage. He is lacerated by the sordidness, the cruel craziness of our place and time. In his early plays *Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*, the objects of his horror and wrath were the war in Indochina and its aftermath at home, but in *Boom Boom Room* his aim is broader. Though the milieux here are those of the cheap night joints, the lowest working class, the detritus of U.S. civilization, the comic inferno he depicts leads to a quasi-universal accusation.

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The play's colors are glaring. The intensity of the author's feeling and imagination reaches beyond verisimilitude to expressionistic declaration, a kind of super realism. Yet in its own special way there is something funny and probing within the ghastliness. The whole is uneven, at times forced and crude, but its power is unmistakable.

I hope to speak of the production in a later piece. Now I must simply note that Madeline Kahn's go-go girl, Chrissy—ignorant, obtuse, bewildered, tough and touching—is a remarkable achievement, despite faults which are not of her making. Other good performances are those of Robert Loggia as her brute lover, Charles Durning as her father, Peter Bartlett as her homosexual friend and Michael Kell as a nervous bonehead suitor.

The three plays just reviewed indicate that there are other things beside the rulers in the "state of Denmark" which are rotten and sick. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Museums have been under pressure to expand beyond storage, conservation and special temporary exhibitions on the ground that these services are aimed at a specialized audience already interested in art. This seems to me precisely why these activities should be maintained and museums should not expend their limited means on perpetual educational forays aimed to convert and entertain the general public. The Art Workers Coalition, for example, has argued for taking art to the ghettos, but I question the wisdom of this proposal. If exhibitions are put in neighborhoods that view art as a weapon, they will be interpreted ideologically, as weapons. In that case, the art would be regarded as something imposed from outside, not as something relevant to the local definition of culture.

The Whitney Museum, however, has now opened its first branch, but the neighborhood is the downtown business section, not an uptown ethnic one. It is planned precisely for a lunch-time audience (hours: 11 to 3) drawn from the half-million or so workers in and around Wall Street. The location is 55 Water Street; you enter by the central, outdoor escalator which leads to a plaza overlooking the river. Here the Whitney has premises provided by the Uris Building Corp. at $1 a year for a guaranteed five years; other corporations are also contributing funds.

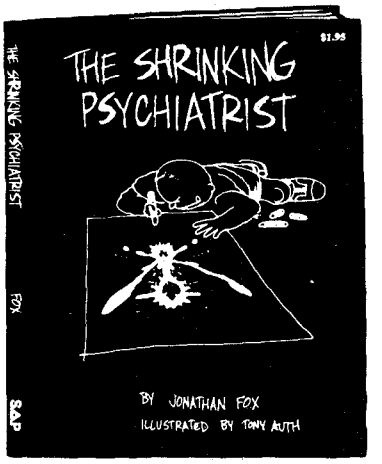
The first show, which opened in September, was a selection of paintings from the Whitney's permanent collection, and the third will be sculpture from the same source. The second show (until November 30) is "Watch the Closing Doors," a documentary exhibition of the mosaic decorations in New York subway stations. The show includes maps, indicating the subway's expansion in the first twenty years of the century, and fragments of ceramic tile and mosaic, but the primary information is carried by color photographs which catch very well the oddly delicate hues of this neglected public art.

The exhibition cries out for a catalogue because a new subject has been located, one at hand for years, but rarely noticed. Perhaps, before it is too late, one of the supporting corporations will realize the potential of an iconographical and social study of the decorations.

An entertaining example of how public images can thus be collected and defined is provided by *The English Sunrise* by Brian Rice and Tony Evans (Flash Books, $2.95). It is a collection of photographs of formalized images of the sun with expanding rays. That turns out to be a ubiquitous image, appearing on doors and gates, purses and radios, gables and lamps, rugs and mugs, heaters and birdcages, book covers and movie theatre façades: it is Art Deco as a suburban style of the 1930s, a constituent bit of the symbol-thick environment we occupy, for the most part blindly.

According to David Hupert in the Whitney press release for the present downtown show, the decorative schemes provided "a visual unity to each of the [subway] lines and, at the same time, distinguished the stations one from another. This latter functional purpose was particularly necessary, since many of the early subway riders were either illiterate or newly arrived immigrants." It seems that the images were celebratory, too, as with the flourish of decoration at Borough Hall, Brooklyn's first station (1908).

The forms of the decorations derive from various classical motifs, such as friezes and cartouches, all of them flattened and geometrised (echoing the angular exteriors of the early stations, shown here in old photographs). There are eagles and beavers, galleons and bridges, rivers and monuments, all referring to one or another aspect of New York. The adaptation of humanistic models to the modern situation often results in a pastoral mood of some ambiguity and pathos (New York as pastoral!). The style is on its way to



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Art Deco but the Americana retains 19th-century vernacular roots. It was in fact a successful public style, with legible imagery, appropriate to its locations, carried throughout the system.

Roger Fry, writing in an English "railway refreshment-room," looked around and was "appalled at the amount of 'art'" that it harbored. He noted diluted quotes from 13th-century stained glass, Greco-Roman ornament and 18th-century textiles. He wrote in 1912, just at the time the subways were being built in New York. Such traces of art as still remain we now value pretty highly, both as evidence of caring for a *place* and as a sign of confidence in art's symbolic power. Fry, scorning this continuum of ornament, is typical of early 20th-century intellectuals who, rejecting the 19th-century for their own generational reasons, contributed to the destruction of just such popular inventories of art-derived decoration as the subway mosaics. Sign systems always proliferate in places of human use and I think the aestheticizing of writers like Fry was misplaced. They snubbed an amiable substratum of popular imagery; nothing like it was seen again in the subways until the spontaneous arrival of carnival color in the elaborated names of the graffiti writers.

Hupert is not only director of the Downtown Whitney program; he is also head of the museum's Education Department. The two functions will be combined in a show, scheduled for next January, that is being prepared by students in the Museum's Independent Study Program. The subject is to be the artists who lived and worked at Coenties Slip in the late 1950s and early 1960s. They lived in the red brick 19th-century buildings, literally in the shadow of the downtown skyscrapers. These blocks no longer exist, wiped out by big office buildings. The definition of this group, in a suddenly extinguished area of the city, is a subject every bit as appropriate to the location of the gallery as the admirable subway show. "Watch the Closing Doors" should alert the visitors, most of whom travel to and from the area by subway, to the relics of the recent past around them. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* seems to be doing well in New York, after opening miserably in other parts of the country six months ago, and the director has heaved a sigh of relief in a *New York Times* interview (November 8). He thinks out-of-towners failed to get his message, thinking he had messed around with Raymond Chandler's popular classic, when in fact he was out to make a picture that "satirizes Hollywood and the entire Chandler genre."

I like Altman's current picture, but I don't know about that satire. He points to a marine suicide as harking back to *A Star Is Born* and a climactic walk down a lonely road as cocking an eye at *The Third Man,* but these seem more salutes than satires. In any case, I don't feel the bite. The whole force of Altman's work to date has been toward comment on a more contemporary social phenomenon—the slob as hero—with Elliott Gould as the exemplar.

People of a certain age may have difficulty with Altman's film, not because it takes liberties with a classic but because the classic overshadows it. Chandler himself was no slouch as a satirist—of the he-man in adversity—and in *The Big Sleep* the very straight-faced Humphrey Bogart demonstrated his intention in a stylish comic performance. So when you dub a character Philip Marlowe and then trot out Elliott Gould, those of us who misspent our youths trying to put a sardonic snap in our fedoras and to make bleak comments on human nature without moving our lips may feel only nonplussed. No one will try to imitate Gould because his style is that he has none; he is a glob with a saucy tongue, an image that pretty well defies mimicry.

But that is not to say that Altman's *The Long Goodbye* is less than excellent for its own time. I think it might shock Chandler a bit, if he were here to see it, for it goes a good deal further than he ever ventured down the road of civil deterioration, substituting for his somewhat varnished cynicism a mindless guffaw. Bogart's Marlowe wore himself out in the pursuit of villains; Gould's Marlowe is a villain himself, in the sense that he slips into being an accomplice from moral laziness, flounders around peevishly like an amoeba with a drop of acid on its tail, and turns into an ambiguous executioner as a sop to his disheveled ego. There is no catharsis in Altman's *The Long Goodbye* and he intended none. What he did intend, I think, was to make us feel crummy and, given the atmosphere we've been tolerating these past too many years, he has a right to his purpose.

The film makes fine use of Chandler's ingenious plot, and Gould's blue-jawed, crumpled Marlowe is admirably supported by performances from Sterling Hayden, Henry Gibson, Mark Rydell and Nina van Pallandt, to mention the leads in a generally excellent cast. They provide a gallery of extravagantly poisonous chiselers. □

LATE COMER, LATE SUMMER

He came to his voice through rage,
through sorrow, restrictive adages,
down the long hollows of a kept fever
that whistled out of a dark landscape.

He reached middle-age before he learned
to talk, had been raised a cripple
of silence, so that when his tongue
awoke, it cried disasters.

A fund of hidden melodies be-
stalked his haunted light; the hot
world began to rain. In relief,
people who heard forgot their rage.

Jane Mayhall

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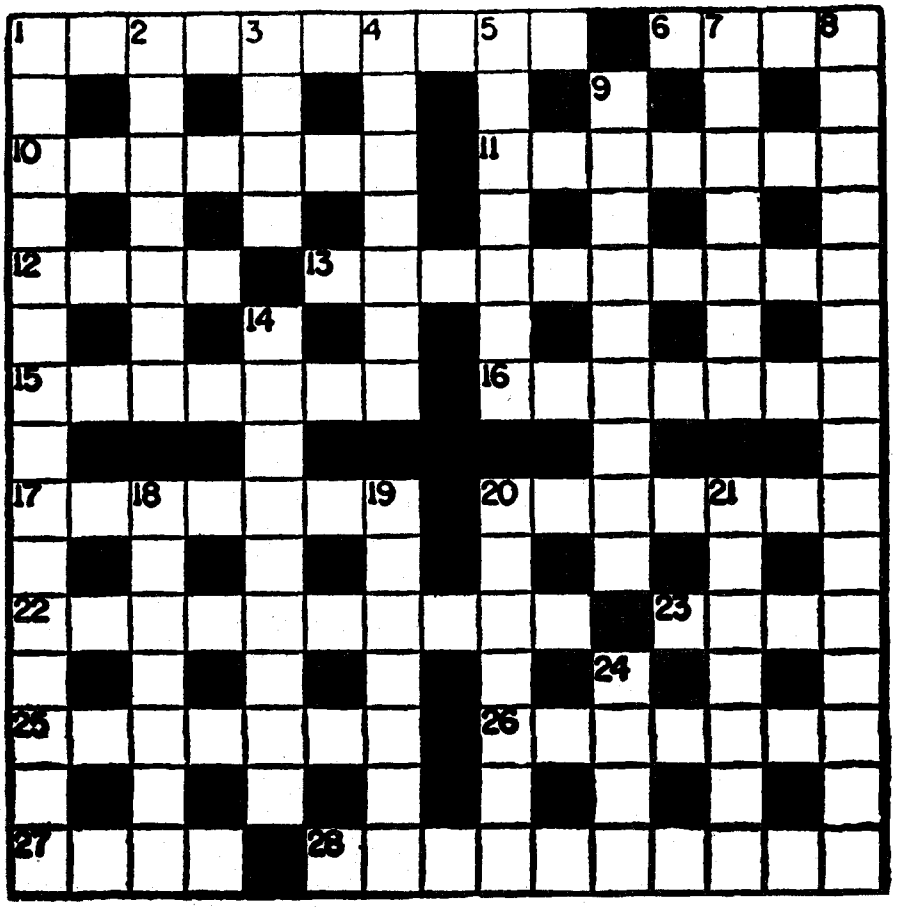
Crossword Puzzle No. 1513

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 William Tell did without acknowledging authority to collect money. (4,3,3)
6 See 28 across
10 and 18 down Bottom promised he would be one, at imitating a lion. (7,7)
11 Delight in confection this way? (7)
12 Grub commonly of the 27 sort. (4)
13 Last is first where the Eskimos live, but we brought it there. (6,4)
15 What one sometimes does with a pipe and dated clothes. (7)
16 It's warm here and in other Malay States. (7)
17 They said "But not on us!" (7)
20 Evidently no unmarried girl is allowed behind the pub counter. (7)
22 On watch, perhaps, but previously employed by someone else. (6-4)
23 Equivalent to another name for 21. (4)
25 Theologian, or the wild bruin he found. (7)
26 Descriptive of the trombone's scale? (7)
27 Teas brewed in the orient. (4)
28 and 6 across Unusually successful mechanized artillery? (5,5,4)

DOWN

1 One wouldn't believe it, but Lear's might be an example. (7,8)
2 Things don't take consistent direction if they do, as one chasing a cat. (7)
3 and 24 down Cole is usually not depicted as one using the gray matter. (8)
4 Dozens and dozens of letter sizes to hold one's attention! (7)
5 If uninterrupted, it would constitute a crime. (7)
7 Forum in which one finds unvarying variety. (7)
8 Planned escape? One might leave on it. (9,6)
9 37½ gallons, with fish, and fruit and shrub. (9)
14 A sun cover of sorts that's rather large. (9)
18 See 10 across
19 It might take the place of a minuet. (7)
20 Was one given to the Barefoot Boy? (7)
21 Poison got from it or on it, when the expert is around. (7)
24 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1512

ACROSS: 1 Blowpipe; 10, 6, 16 and 27 Too many cooks spoil the broth; 11 Isotope; 12 Visit; 13 Ambushing; 14 Attic; 19 Swallows; 22 Gusts; 24 Unruffled; 26 and 5 Table scraps; 28 Shining; 29 Riotous; 30 Sights; 31 Snatches. DOWN: 1 Batavian; 2 Odors; 3 and 23 Practical nurses; 4 Paydays; 7 Abolishes; 8 Sleigh; 9 Bilbao; 15 Thwarting; 17 Lights out; 18 Asperses; 20 Oblige; 21 Sadiron; 25 Flint.

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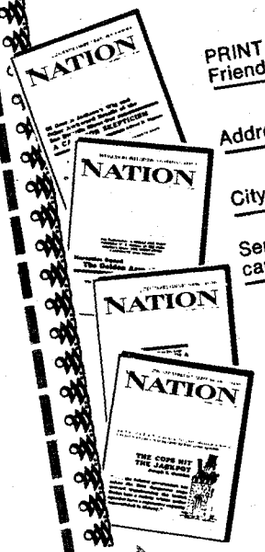

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